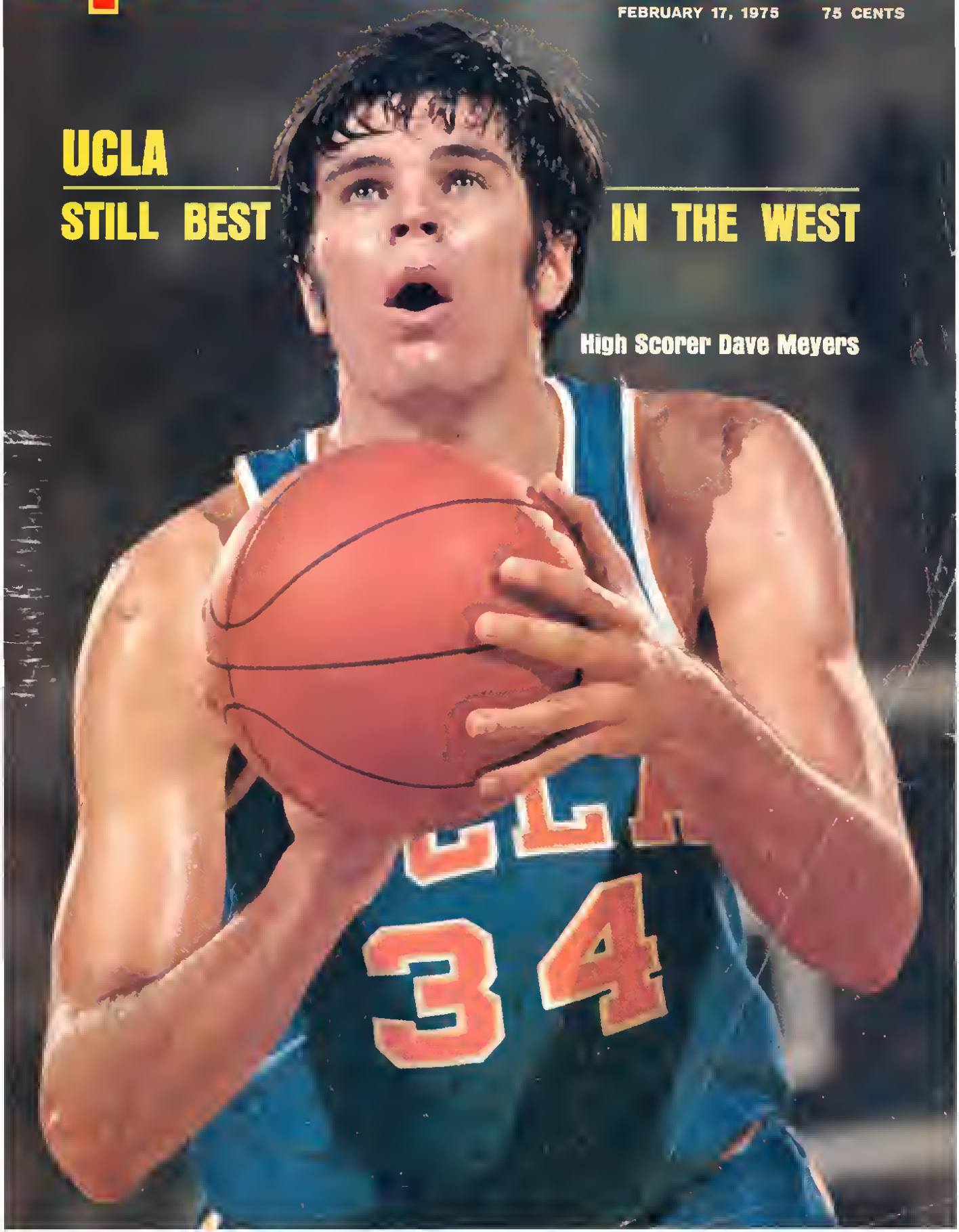
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UCLA STILL BEST IN THE WEST

High Scorer Dave Meyers



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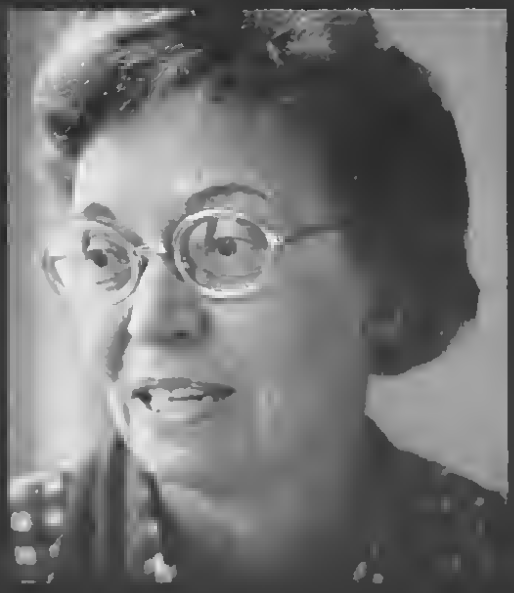
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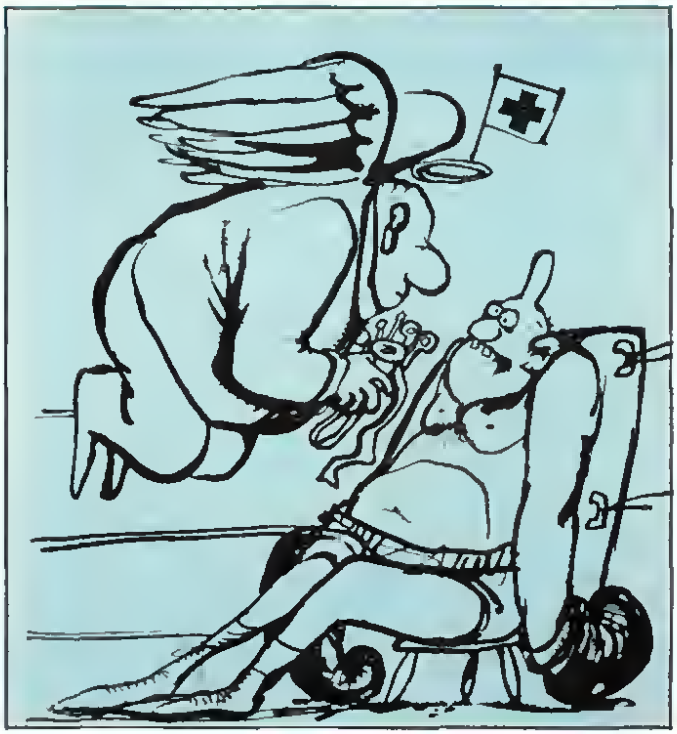


SOMETIMES LETTERS JUST DON'T DO IT.

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John Huehnergarth

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It is a classic scene in boxing The belt rings The fighter staggers back to his stool, often bowed and sometimes bloody—and there is his cornerman, poised to perform a bit of surgery or apply a burst of psychology to his tiger in the brief interval between rounds Sometimes it works

by Mark Kram

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Next Week

THE BEST YOUNG LITTLE MAN in wrestling 126-pounder Jimmy Carr, was an Olympian at 16 and once stuffed a foe in a garbage can Now he inspirits Kentucky, a newcomer to the sport By Herman Weiskopf

THE BEST YOUNG BIG MAN in basketball 7'1" California high-schooler Bill Cartwright scores even when defenders step on his feet and, writes Barry McDermott he already knows just where he will go to college

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Midnight shootouts... duels at dawn... Law and



Wyatt Earp

Arizona Pioneers Historical Society



Butch Cassidy

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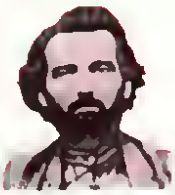


Doc Holliday



Frank Canton

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma



Clay Allison

Barney Hubbs Collection



Billy the Kid

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma



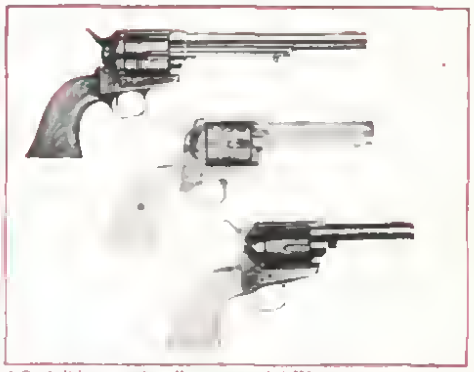
Bat Masterson

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Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.



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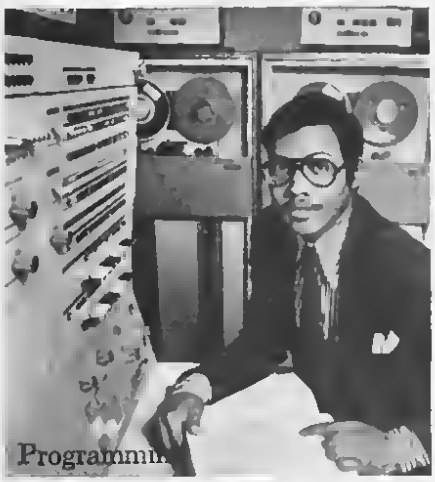
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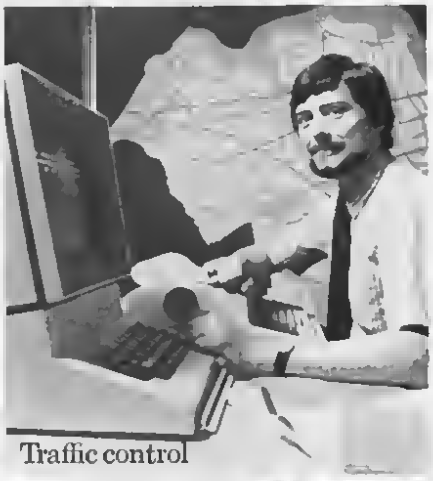
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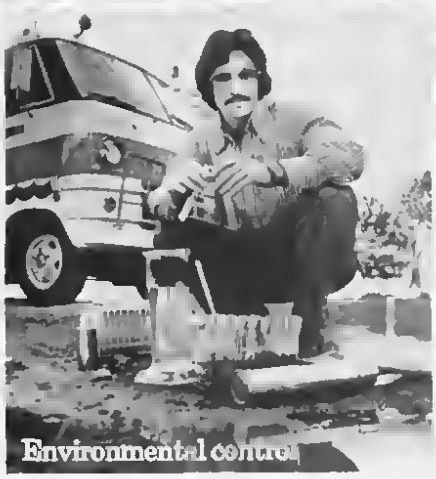
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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

POSTSEASON POTPOURRI

Football, to paraphrase the old saying, will be a great game if they ever finish inventing it. That day, judging by the newspapers and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED mail of recent weeks, is not close at hand. Here from a veritable freshet of suggestions for improving the sport are a few that seem particularly cogent.

Bowl Games: Two plans have been offered to retain the bowls and have a playoff for the national championship, too. The Reverend Edmund P. Joyce of Notre Dame would first have a playoff, then bring on the bowls. Reader Jerry Miller of Pasadena proposes that the bowl season continue as usual but that the NCAA, perhaps in conjunction with the wire services, then select the two most impressive winners for a playoff two weeks after the last bowl game. Opinion: Penn State will still go home angry.

Two-Platoon. Reader David R. Schryer of Newport News, Va. suggests that the colleges continue using two platoons but reduce the number of athletes recruited, say from 30 new scholarships each year to 15 or 20, which should be quite adequate. Opinion: Financial difficulties will force the colleges to this or a similar solution.

Ho-Hum Finishes. Joseph Brinton III of Howard Beach, N.Y. thinks that during the last two minutes of a game the clock should stop after every play—no time-outs, no stalling, no hasty calling of plays, no shenanigans with the clock, no dismal spectacle of a game ending while players unpile. Opinion: Overdue.

Outsized Coaching Staffs: Eddie Sutton, basketball coach at the University of Arkansas, would like to see coaches doubling up, with basketball assistants helping the football staff and vice versa. Opinion: It worked before, it could again.

Turning on the Off-ense. The *Los Angeles Times* would have all defenders within five yards of the line of scrimmage come to a set when the offense does. The only player permitted to move after that would be the one covering a man in motion. Opinion: Worth a serious try, if more offense is the goal. Certainly blocking would be improved.

Protecting the Quarterback: Apply the rules used for punters, again an *L.A. Times* idea. Defenders would get 15 yards for intentional roughing, five yards for unintentional. Opinion: By all means. At the present rate of attrition there will be no quarterbacks left in another season or two.

Spearing: Outlaw it, says the American Medical Association. Football's most serious injuries occur when a blocker or tackler uses his head as a battering ram. Opinion: The inventor of spearing should have been treated by the AMA long ago.

Spiking: Outlaw it, too, says reader Will Peterson of Kirkland, Wash. It is no more than a taunt, says Peterson, and as such poor sportsmanship. He sees a lowering of standards in all sport and believes, "The larger question of sports ethics could perhaps be improved if all physical education majors were required to take a course in sports ethics as a prerequisite for graduation." Opinion: Amen.

ACORN IN CHEEK

One result of conservationists' successful campaign to require developers using federal funds to look before they leap has been a blizzard of forms and papers in quadruplicate describing the expected environmental impact of any proposed project. Recently Washington and Lee University, seeking government backing for a new library, filed the following response to a request for an estimate of the building's probable effect on the physiology, behavior patterns and/or activities of any animal population making use of the site. It is a model of brevity:

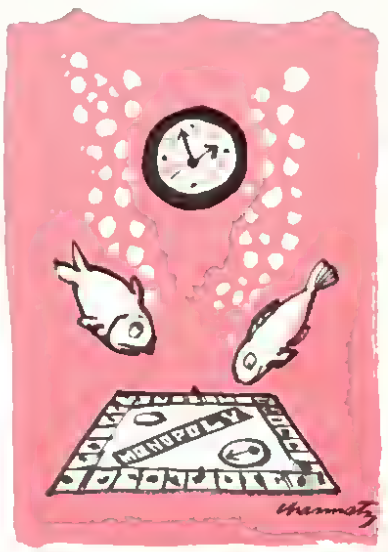
"There are some 10 to 20 common squirrels living, or appearing to live, in the site proposed for the new library. Some trees that now provide either homes or exercise areas for the squirrels will be removed, but there appear to be ample other trees to serve either or both of these purposes. No major food source for the squirrels will be affected. The squirrels have had no apparent difficulty in adjusting to relocations brought about by prior non-federally supported projects. It is, however, difficult to ascertain if they will be unhappy about having to adjust to other trees in which to live and sport about."

SHORT STORY

In Philadelphia for an indoor track meet last weekend, Sprinter Steve Riddick of the Philadelphia Pioneers raised eyebrows by running—and winning—his heat in the 60-yard dash without removing his sweat pants. New style? Super cool? Super psych? "No," Riddick explained, "I left my shorts at the hotel and didn't realize it until I had warmed up." Riddick won the final in a breeze—and in borrowed shorts.

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Committee will no longer accept attempts at duration records for submerged play. Permanent possession of the individual mark goes to Bob Evans of Texarkana, Texas, who swapped waterlogged real estate for 20 hours and 10 minutes last November, and the team standard belongs forevermore with Tim Guinee and Scott Bertram of Peabody,

continued



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Mass. Last month they endured for 17 hours and 17 minutes.

So where does this leave the fine art of wrinkle-finger Monopoly? In the bathtub. The MMRDC sanctioned a record set in Germany by Sp. 4 and Mrs. Thomas E. McDowell for a 14¼-hour game, and will entertain challenges. And where does this leave the practice of publicity? Healthy.

LEERY ON THE LINKS

If Johnny Miller is one light practicer, Lee Trevino is one heavy skeptic, and that fast start of the new year has done nothing to allay his suspicions.

Miller has said he hits 10, maybe 15 balls before and after each round, no more. He reported that during a two-month layoff this winter he played only one 18-hole round, fished a lot and spent most of his time idling.

Trevino, who as a young man on the make conducted a fairly serious study of such claims, wonders. "Heck, man," he told the *Houston Post*'s Jack Agness, "I'm no good at all unless I hit 300 balls a day. You may not see me at the tournament, because I practice at a different course. I'll *tell* the guys I haven't picked up a stick in weeks, but that's a bunch of bull. I'd go nuts at home if I didn't hit balls. My wife'll catch me going through closets and say, 'Honey, it's time for you to get back on the course.' "

HUES AND TRIES

Color and sport, in the popular mind, seem always to have lived together, if not in wedded bliss at least by common-law consent. And yet, with the exception of racing silks, it is only lately that the relationship has become an easy one. The explosion is on now, though, and it probably is only a matter of time until Alexander Calder is invited to put his Braniff airplanes aside and devote his talent to, say, dressing up the 16-pound shot.

As proof of this we have the hot-pink-and-white basketball (SI, Feb. 3) that women professionals hope to be passing around for money next year, and the North American Soccer League's newly designed ball with a red star on blue (the black pentagon that appeared at regular intervals on the old ball) against a white background (the rest of the ball).

But credit for the really innovative use of color will go to the World Football League, if it is not too groggy from last season's beating to come out for round two. The WFL proposes to outfit players with different-colored pants according to position. All linebackers, for instance, will wear red pants, running backs green, wide receivers orange, defensive backs yellow, interior linemen white, quarterbacks a checkered pattern, to match their careers no doubt.

The idea is to enlarge the world of strategy for the average fan. No longer will TV watchers have to wait for Al DeRogatis to explain that their team succeeded in isolating a running back on a linebacker. Once they catch on, they will see that a man in red pants is trailing a man in green pants. They will spot a safety blitz in progress or detect a lineman overhauling a flanker downfield.

It sounds awful but maybe it's worth a try. We suspect that many viewers fail to catch the niceties of the game that rocket color men into a blaze of adjectives.

THE CATTER CUP

Feeling the man in the street should have an opportunity to determine his best athlete, Dallas businessman Sam L. Catter proposes a Superstars competition with the following events: For bartenders—shotput. For chiropractors—discus throw. For taxpayers—the 1040 high hurdles. For attorneys—a field event, construction of the lien-to, using old chattel mortgages. For the media, two events—hurling barbed remarks and the standing leap to a conclusion. For doctors—a needlepoint competition, or something in that vein. Suture self. And in reverse—Pole vaulting. Limited to Russians.

BATTLE OF LENINGRAD

Sometimes the worst laid plans have a way of coming out, well, worst. Chuck Forrester, a used-car dealer from Greensboro, N.C. who helped put together a tour of 252 college students to the Soviet Union, would buy that.

His troubles began when he decided that since 26 of those on the trip liked to play basketball, he would arrange a friendly game in the interest of international goodwill. He wrote to the Russian Friendship Council and requested, among other things, international rules and referees. Forrester heard nothing more until the tour hit Leningrad, when he learned he would get everything he asked for—and more.

A game would be played the following afternoon, he was told by the chief of the local Institute of Physical Culture. "You're North Carolina State?" said the functionary. "David Thompson and Monte Towe?" Uh, no. "Then you are North Carolina with Mitch Kupchak and Walter Davis?" Not exactly, said Coach Forrester. Too bad. Several thousand spectators were on hand when Forrester and his scraggly band walked into the institute gym next day to face a Russian national team featuring two Olympians. "We looked at those guys and I'll tell you right now," he says, "I know what Little Big Horn looked like to Custer." Only three of his men even had basketball shoes. They were allowed to match pairs from a pile—almost like an offering—and then the sacrifice began.

By halftime the score was 55-19 and would have been worse had the Soviet coach not taken pity and lifted his starters. But the North Carolinians rallied in the fourth quarter, and it was Sonia, bar the door. In came the varsity to mop up. Final score of the historic non-event was 92-41.

Not all was lost, Forrester reports. "We had a boy on our roster named Thompson, a young white fellow, six feet. All the fans wanted to pose for a photo with Thompson."

BETTING ON THE COME

The time had arrived, thought officials of the Corinthians and São Paulo soccer clubs, to invest in the future. They offered Edson Cholbe Nascimento hard currency for his signature, but for a reason in this age of mercenary athletes that can only be considered singular, the boy's father refused to agree to terms. He feared the clubs would be cheated.

"I am not sure he will take an interest in the game," said the father, which is a point; the boy is only four. The other point is that the father is Pelé.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Wolf, agent, on the new trend in sports: "These days it's not as important to know the difference between a Veer offense and a Wishbone as to know the difference between a preliminary hearing and a temporary injunction."
- Mark Donohue, explaining why he does 300 push-ups a day and special neck exercises to keep his 37-year-old body looking younger: "All I'm racing against in Formula 1 are 25-year-old slingshot *kamuka cs*." END

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Sports Illustrated
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CAUGHT IN A SPIDER'S WEB

Led by a forward who doesn't just sit down beside 'em, UCLA made its annual Oregon swing to ensnare two threatening rivals in the Pacific Eight

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

So here we are again in unpretentious Oregon, where somebody is always discovering clean air, fresh sod, perfect truth, the Pendleton shirt and 10 surefire ways to beat UCLA in February—while not losing to that other team from Los Angeles, USC, in the process.

That is what had to happen last week for the mad scramble in the Pacific Eight—heretofore known as Snow White Wooden and the Seven Dwarfs—to remain close. But though USC was staggered once, nobody touched UCLA, and now it is probably too late. For one thing, the Bruins are rounding into championship form. For another, the Spider, UCLA's incredible screaming monster, David Meyers, is loose.

What began as the most interesting weekend of Pac Eight basketball in years ended with the Bruins (6-1) installed firmly at the head of the class, Oregon State (5-2) close at hand, USC (4-3) sinking, Oregon (3-4) reeling, and everybody trying to figure out why Stanford (also 4-3) has beaten all the teams ahead of it and lost to three behind.

Another thing to ponder now is whether Meyers can possibly be human. Or is his neck put together with zippers? Although he is known as the Spider, he doesn't exactly creep up on you. One coach says, "Meyers plays as if he has a mad-on against the world."

Just warming up to his full intensity on Friday, the Spider scored 17 points and made a brilliant, intimidating defensive play to protect a 67-60 victory over Oregon State. But the next night he truly roared, dominating the Oregon Ducks, making 14 of 18 field-goal tries, 11 of 11 free throws and 39 points. After UCLA had won 107-103, what did Meyers have to say about his performance? "I like drinking the water in Oregon. It's really cold." Sure, Spider. O.K., men, check the zippers.

Meyers was not the only figure lurking along the Oregon Trail. The Bruins' Richard Washington, a Portland lad who in high school was called by the governor "a natural resource not to be exported," returned home to wreck State with 21 points. Whiling away the tense hours, USC's Gus Williams carried his bowling ball around in a cardboard box. Then he showed why he is one of the best guards in the West by leading the Trojans past Oregon 81-80 and almost rallying them in their 78-75 loss to State.

Meanwhile Referee Lou Soriano was attacked by a spectator in Eugene and had to fight his way to safety. Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller set a Pacific Northwest record for chain smoking. Oregon Coach Dick Harter, the former Penn man, went Quackers, threw his program nearly as high as Miller's smoke rings and lost a game because of it. And then there were hearty Oregonians go-

continued



Dave Meyers survived this Kamikaze Kids attack to score 39 and finish the Bruin sweep.


OREGON
42
OREGON
30

ing around saying things like "Beaver Fever" and "Go Big Green Butt-Kicking Machine," depending on whether they preferred the furry team in Corvallis or the web-footed one in Eugene.

What the weekend also demonstrated was that the Pacific Eight has become the best and best balanced basketball conference in the land. Its record against nonleague opponents is 73-18. All four teams competing in Oregon were ranked in the top 20 when the action started. Two other conference squads (Cal and Washington State) have won more games than they did all last season. And of the 28 league games played, 12 have been decided by three points or fewer or have gone into overtime.

A year ago signs of this impending feast were seen when Oregon State and Oregon upset UCLA on its annual visit to the soggy Willamette Valley. Both hosts, however, lost to USC and were not involved in the race again. This time everybody was bunched at the top just itching to have at one another.

Both Oregon and Oregon State actually were able to look forward to the weekend with some confidence. Harter's Ducks are led by museular Guard Ron Lee, while their insatiable defense is inspired by another Lee, Bruce. Oregon plays *Kung Fu Fighting* and the players are not called "Kamikaze Kids" because of almond-shaped eyes. Lesser-known Oregon State gets most of its punch from 6′8″, 235-pound Lonnie Shelton, a former high school tight end who has been called "Mean Joe Greene with a shooting touch."

"UCLA is the only contender," Harter said prophetically before the games. "The league hasn't shown we can handle the Bruins yet." But neither northern coach was overlooking the other invader. Harter has never beaten USC, and Miller could count only two victories against the Trojans. "What USC does is ride UCLA's coattails," said Miller through his cigarette smoke. "Kids can't get up for the Trojans and Bruins on the same weekend."

Be that as it may, USC Coach Bob Boyd believes that his team is better on the road than UCLA. The Trojans tend to miss free throws—15 feet seems out of their range—and, Boyd says, "We don't animalize anybody." Still, they are a smart, veteran outfit, disciplined to take only good shots and, in the team's words, not to "drop their pack."

"That means losing poise," says 6′10″ senior John Lambert. "What hurts is we've lost two games, but we know we're the best team in the league."

That may come as a shock to the men of UCLA, who two weeks before had defeated USC at home by five points. The Bruins are a different crew this season, surely less talented than in the Walton years when, Meyers says, "monumental clashes" divided the team, but definitely more cohesive and enthusiastic. They even eat meat.

After much criticism from UCLA fans, Guard Pete Trgovich is playing the best basketball of his career, and there is a welcome absence of the old UCLA arrogance. Meyers even recognizes fallibility. "Good teams make a mess of our press," he said. "I get too tired pressing anyway. We have other weapons. There will be no ambush this week."

On Friday night in Corvallis, Meyers took care of that. Exploiting breakdowns in the UCLA press, Oregon State went ahead by eight points in the first half. But Wooden, turning from Wizard to Juggler, made eight lineup changes in 10 minutes to cut into the lead. After the coach "severely chided" the Bruins at intermission, UCLA scored the first eight points of the second half to take command.

Washington, working around the lane against Shelton, scored 17 points in the period as the Bruins maintained an uneasy lead. With 2:10 left, OSU had a chance to cut the margin to three points when Guard Charlie Neal made a steal and headed for a fast-break layup. But trailing the play was the ferocious Meyers at full bore. Planting his feet, faking an exaggerated swoop-leap and screaming something otherworldly, Meyers terrorized Neal into slamming the ball up on the board so hard it caromed nearly to midcourt. The Spider had gobbled up the fly without even leaving his feet, and UCLA was safe.

Forty miles away in Eugene, Southern Cal and Oregon were unsafe at any speed. In a contest that included 51 turnovers, 19 ties and enough howling madness to encourage mob rule at Oregon's renowned "Pit," the fact that the outcome turned on a technical foul was Pit-iful. But it did and the Ducks' Harter, who said, "We deserved to win," had only himself to blame when they didn't.

The Oregon coach had watched his team come from a 10-point deficit in the first half to go ahead briefly late in the game. But with the score tied at 74 and less than a minute left, the Ducks had three shots at taking the lead and none of them dropped. After the third miss USC freshman Steve Malovic grabbed a rebound and fired a long pass to the elusive Williams who drove in, crashing into Oregon's Mark Barwig as he seored.



Southern Cal's Williams drove past Tucker

It was the kind of foul call that normally goes against the visitors, but this time it did not. Referee Soriano whistled a block on Barwig, and Harter could not restrain himself. Flinging his program, he protested enough to draw a technical and create a six-point play for USC and, ultimately, the gut-wrenching defeat for Oregon.

Williams, who finished with 28 points and easily outplayed the Ducks' Lee, made his regular free throw plus the technical shot. On the ensuing USC possession, Lee fouled the Trojans' Bob Trowbridge, who converted two more foul shots for an 80–74 USC lead. Yessir, it was the old six-point trick all right.

Remarkably, Oregon was not through. Lee made a layup, Barwig scored after a steal and the Trojans committed a turnover. Oregon, trailing only 80–78, had possession under the USC basket with



and all the other guards in Oregon for 49

17 seconds to go. Then came another stunner of a foul call. This one was assessed against Oregon's Stu Jackson, who forearmed Trowbridge while breaking toward the baseline on the inbounds play.

While Boyd was savoring the Trojans' surprising 17-for-21 performance at the foul line, Trowbridge was occupied with other things. Leaving the court, he noticed a fan attacking Ref Soriano, so he joined the fray. "Soriano hit him in the mouth, I hit him in the stomach and the police took him away," Trowbridge said. The Pit had struck again.

If Southern Cal won Friday when a foul was called, it was cruel justice that the Trojans lost to Oregon State on Saturday when one was not.

It was a dramatic evening in Corvallis. Before the game a spectator who had driven from Seaside, Ore. suffered a heart attack in the stands. Boyd threatened to take his team off the floor because of a flying Frisbee that interrupted the Trojans' warmup. And Southern Cal blew another 10-point lead, this one with 12 minutes to play.

As Oregon State's Shelton (27 points) and USC's Clint Chapman (28) battled to a standoff inside, the Trojans' Williams inexplicably did not take a shot in the second half until the Beavers had caught USC at 62-all with 8:40 remaining. From that point there were five more ties before OSU's Don Smith went backdoor on Trowbridge for a layup that gave Oregon State the lead for good at 76–74.

USC had a chance to tie the game with 20 seconds left, but Williams missed one of two free throws. Then USC had another opportunity when the Beavers, under pressure, threw the ball up for grabs.

It was scramble here, scuffle there as the ball went every which way before Malovic came up with it for the Trojans. Pausing in the foul circle, he was jolted from behind and the ball squirted to midcourt, where George (Ice-T) Tucker controlled for Oregon State. No whistle was blown to put Malovic at the line and Williams had to foul in hope of getting the ball back for the Trojans. Tucker converted twice for the 78–75 victory and sole possession of second place.

"A critical play for us," Boyd called Malovic's fumble. "It was a slugging foul and the referees blew it."

Oregon State's Miller, relieved by the victory, said, "We tried to key this weekend as one big package. UCLA and USC are equally fine teams."

This would have been a reasonable enough statement except for what the Bruins' Meyers was doing that evening in Eugene. Even before the UCLA-Oregon battle Harter had spoken of the 6′8″ senior as "an unbearable matchup." So he gave 6′4″ Lee the task of guarding Meyers. It was asking too much, considering Lee's heavy offensive responsibilities as well as Meyers' obvious desire to take over the game from the outset. And it became an embarrassing decision.

In a fraction more than six minutes at the start of the game, Meyers made five shots and scored 13 points to the Oregon team total of 12. Even after he drove Lee back to the backcourt where he belonged and began to take severe physical poundings from two bigger men, the results were the same. The Ducks spurted to three brief leads, but by halftime the Spider had 22 points, and UCLA was ahead 47–42.

Oregon's Jackson did a creditable job on Meyers early in the second half, and the Ducks came to within two, 69–67. Then Meyers bombed from afar. UCLA, which shot 74% in the second half, flashed to a 10-point lead, then dropped back to four at 85–81. So Meyers bombed again. Every time Oregon made a move, the Spider legged back to spin his web. "I was elbowed, kneed, butchered, blasted, destroyed," Meyers said. "Maybe I like it."

It was an exhausting struggle. By the time it was over, Lee had fouled out, a miserable 19-for-50 shooting weekend behind him, Harter looked totally drained and even Wooden showed a rare open collar and askew tie.

In the locker room the UCLA coach walked among his troops, raising his fists in a startling outburst of elation. "I've got a frog in my throat," he said.

The Pacific Eight has to be more concerned with that Spider Wooden has in uniform. **END**

Malovic gasped as Shelton hit two of his 27.



COURAGE CONQUERS A CRUEL SEA

Often near defeat, battered by tide, wind and weather, Lynne Cox braved New Zealand's Cook Strait

by SAM MOSES



Swimmer and crew prepare for the plunge.

New Zealand's Maori tribesmen like to tell the story of Hine-poupou and her husband Manini-pounamu, who lived on the South Island in the mid-1800s. Seems that Manini-pounamu fell in love with a younger woman, so he put Hine-poupou into his canoe and paddled her across Cook Strait to the North Island, where he dumped her off and returned to the waiting arms of his lover. More than moderately miffed, Hine-poupou chanted to the gods for strength, then dived into the dangerous waters and swam back to the South Island, buoyed by her anger and guided by a dolphin sent by the gods. Then, while her faithless husband was out fishing, she again called on the gods. A sudden storm swept across Cook Strait and Manini-pounamu was never seen again.

Last week, more than a century after Hine-poupou's fabled dip, another determined woman plunged into the Strait. This time fact overtook fable. Lynne Cox, an 18-year-old California high school senior, became the first certifiably flesh-and-blood female to swim between New Zealand's islands. Lynne missed breaking the record by two hours, 28½ minutes, but she set a standard of moral courage that may outlive even the legend. For 12 hours and three minutes Lynne clawed into five-foot swells and 25-knot winds to reach a kelp-covered rock on the South Island.

The journey—13¼ miles from the North Island's Ohau Point to the South Island's Perano Head—is not a far piece as long-distance swims go, but powerful and unpredictable tides make it one of the most difficult in the world. Not until 34 years after the time of the first attempt was Cook Strait conquered by a swimmer and only twice since has that crossing been repeated, although there have been nearly 20 attempts.

Several factors make the Strait formidable. Because New Zealand's twin islands form a barrier to ocean currents, water gushes through the Strait as through a sluice. The shores of the Strait are mountainous, so the wind, too, is funneled and gains velocity. Moreover, peaks and valleys on the floor of the Strait distort the frigid submarine currents flowing from the Antarctic, creating countless swirls and eddies.

Usually a Cook swimmer will try for a rough southerly arc to catch the tides going his way—sort of like a golfer with a slice aiming to the left of a green—but more often than not his actual path is a series of S's. Lynne's own route covered 20.2 miles and included seven changes of direction, one of them backward. Add jellyfish, killer whales and sharks to the problems of capricious currents and wild winds, and most point-to-point swimmers will opt for the 21 comparatively peaceful miles across the English Channel any day.

The person who knows more about the quirks and whims of Cook Strait than any other is John Cataldo, a fisherman with 31 years of experience in those waters. Cataldo's knowledge of the currents is as sharp as his weathered fingers are agile; he can roll a cigarette in a storm with one hand as he grips the helm of his boat *San Antonino* with the other. Cataldo has been a guide for two of the three previously successful swimmers, including the fastest, and has been pilot for all but a few of the attempts in the last dozen years. Now he would shepherd Lynne.

She flew to Wellington with John Sonnichsen, a family friend who has been coaching marathon swimmers for nearly 20 years. Although her coach of record is her elder brother Dave, she would need Sonnichsen's counsel more than physical discipline: she had been training for months by swimming from five to 15 miles a day. Lynne and Sonnichsen had paused in Auckland to recover from jet lag and pick up Sandra Blewett, a New Zealand distance swimmer who had planted the idea of the crossing in Lynne's head when they were both in England to make Channel swims. Sandra had hoped to swim the Strait herself, but a back injury made that impossible, so she joined Lynne as cheerleader and alter ego.

After deciding against a Feb. 3 try because of strong northwesterlies, Cataldo gave the go-ahead for an attempt the following day. The weather forecast was good: early-morning winds of 10-20 knots tapering to five-to-10-knot southerlies for the rest of the day. Too good to be true. The soft southerlies never came. Instead, 25-knot northerlies blew, sometimes gusting to 40 knots.

At three o'clock the morning of Feb. 4, Lynne was taken on the *San Antonino* to Ohau Point. She slipped into the water at 7:56, the sun still hidden behind the cliffs at her back and the air silent save for the occasional squawk of a sea gull. Within minutes Lynne hit her first obstacle, the vicious Terawhiti rip, which



As Lynne (orange cap) struggles against the currents, she has plenty of support—including a volunteer booster club made up of dolphins.

can change direction half a dozen times in 50 yards and has swallowed more than its share of small craft. Paced by a young lifeguard whose surfboard smacked against the swells, she made it safely through the Terawhiti, her orange bathing cap bobbing like a buoy.

Lynne swam the next three hours and 40 minutes at an average pace of 68 strokes per minute, but as she stroked she was being carried sideways, some five miles south of the straight-line path. She had been swimming strongly, but in the next 90 minutes she stopped to rest five times. Then, after more than 5½ hours and well past the halfway point, Lynne stopped once more and stared blankly up toward a small boat carrying Sonnichsen and Blewett.

"I can't make it," Lynne said quietly. "I want to get out."

Sonnichsen coaxed, then scolded through a bullhorn. When Lynne pulled off her bathing cap and goggles in despair, Sandra shed her sweat suit and dived into the water.

"I couldn't let her quit," said Sandra. "When I got in I said, 'Give me your cap and put your goggles back on. We'll swim together.' When she handed me her cap I knew I had won."

Sandra paced Lynne through the wicked whitecaps until her injured back gave out. She was pulled into the boat, aching and seasick, as Lynne stroked on mechanically with the surfboard at her side, manned by alternating lifeguards.

"As far as I can see it looks like bloody chop for miles," said the pilot of one escort boat. "God, that girl has some kind of guts."

At another emotional low point, more help and encouragement came. The Kiwi freighter *Aratika* hove to to windward of Lynne and hoisted the American flag in salute (alertly, Cataldo kept the *San Antonino* between Lynne and the *Aratika* to prevent possible claims of outside assistance). Then W-I-N-D-Y, an aptly named radio station in Wellington, relayed word to Lynne via escort boat and surfer that its switchboard was jammed with callers from all over the country urging her to hang in.

But after another two hours Lynne needed something more than guts and encouragement; thoughts of quitting were controlling her mind again. Then, from nowhere, came the dolphins: a dozen or more, swimming in pairs, trios and foursomes, squeaking cheerfully as they danced and dived in circles around Lynne—once even over her—so close she could have reached out and touched them. For the final four hours they never let her out of their sight.

The South Island loomed over her, but, stubbornly, grew no larger; for an hour she seemed rooted by the currents 1¼ miles away from her goal. Spray flew from her powerful arms like snow flurries as she fought into the building wind. The clouds hanging over the island changed from fluffy cotton balls to breeze-flattened smears of gray and white. Keith Hancox, holder of the Strait record of 9:35, set in 1964, had hung up his trunks long ago, but he stripped off his sweater and took over the pacing.

The final crisis came just 400 yards out. A reconnoitering fishing boat discovered a new current pushing away from Perano Head. Cataldo ordered yet another route change—he turned Lynne away from land and pointed her parallel to the coast, seeking another landing spot. It meant she had to swim an additional 1½ miles and run the risk of getting caught in an even stronger outward current—this time from Tory Channel, a body of water that rushes into the Strait as if shot from a giant fire hose. But the detour was Lynne's only hope.

Half an hour from the finish, when she was safely clear of Tory Channel and the outgoing tide from Perano Head, a stillness came. The wind suddenly died. The dolphins, who had taken Lynne's mind off the pain and protected her from sharks, disappeared. A new tide gently tugged Lynne into the bay. It was as if the Strait had conceded defeat. As she stepped onto land, church bells chimed her victory.

Gray-faced, icy and chafed—but smiling—Lynne was met back at the North Island at midnight by a crowd of cheering Kiwis. She slept only two hours that night and ate almost nothing the next day as she slowly unwound. But she talked a little, of maybe trying to swim the Irish Sea next. And of the dolphins.

"I'm not really very religious, but I remember thinking as I swam that God had sent them to see that I made it."

Lynne had never heard the legend of Hine-poupou. **END**

THE RECORD DIDN'T MEASURE UP

In Los Angeles, Dwight Stones had the high-jump freaks cheering his 7′ 5¼″ leap—for a minute or two. Then the officials got into the act with their tape measuras, and Stones' new mark cama tumbling down **by RON REID**

It was late Wednesday in Burbank, Calif., a couple of days before the *Los Angeles Times* indoor track meet. In a makeup room adjoining an NBC television studio, Johnny Carson was mildly concerned about the health of Dwight Stones, the high jump world-record holder who was about to demonstrate his lofty art for a taping of Carson's *Tonight Show*.

"I saw on the monitors what you were doing in rehearsal," Carson said, referring to a 6′9″ jump Stones had made, which broke Dick Fosbury's *Tonight Show* record. "You made it look so easy, but you're not really going to do that on the air, are you?"

"Not only that," Stones said, "but dig this: I'm going to jump over *you*."

And despite the handicaps of little time and a shortened runway, Stones did sail over Carson during the show and then proceeded to clear seven feet shortly after Carson signed off. One of these days Stones is going to soar over King Kong, assuming a promoter can figure out the proper pay scale for an outsized gorilla. Anything less would be an unworthy climax to Stones' performance this indoor season, which has combined sporadic frustration with the best wintertime jumping of his career.

Accomplishment and frustration peaked together at the *Times* meet last Friday night. Earlier in the season Stones had twice broken the indoor world record, first in Pocatello, Idaho, when he did 7′5″ to surpass the famous 7′4½″ mark set 14 years ago by the Soviet Union's Valery Brumel. The very next night in Los Angeles, Stones broke the record again, moving it up to 7′5¼″. He tried to go higher the following week in the *San Francisco Examiner* Invitational but other events delayed the start of the high jump for more than an hour, and the best he could do was a new meet record of 7′3½″. The next night in Portland he jumped 7′3¾″ off a difficult surface and declined to try anything higher. "That's enough," he said. "I'm really pooped. Going for 7′4″ in this place is like 7′6″ anywhere else." In the Millrose Games in New York a week after that, he had trouble with his timing, with his footing, with distractions. He missed several jumps and lost after making 7′2″.

Now, in Los Angeles, everything felt good. He had been exuberant all week and had cheerfully predicted he would do 7′7″ in the *Times* meet, a height no one had reached indoors or out. Stones' outdoor world record is 2.30 meters, or 7′6½″.

He and Tom Woods of Oregon State cleared 7′2½″ and were the only ones left in the competition. Woods missed all three times at 7′4″, and when Stones cleared that height on his last try he was the winner of the event. Now the bar was moved up to 7′5½″, a quarter of an inch better than his indoor record. The officials measured the distance from the bar to the floor to be sure and said it was actually an eighth of an inch more than the announced height. Stones tried once and missed. The bar was reset. Tall, fair,



After the meesuring fiesco, the frustreted Stonee tried, and failed, three times et 7′7″.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

strong-looking, Stones waited at the top of his run. It was past midnight and from a crowd of 16,400 only a few thousand high-jump freaks, as Stones calls them, were still in the arena. Stones raced for the bar, leaped, twisted, floated over the bar on his back and landed in the pit. There was an explosive roar from the stands. Stones had cleared the standard easily. A new world record, the P.A. system blared.

The officials measured again, as the rules require, to verify that it was indeed a record. And announced, with chagrin and embarrassment, that it was not. The tape said it was only 7′ 5⅜″, an eighth *less* than the required 7′ 5½″, and it would be listed as 7′ 5¼″, according to IAF rules, which allow an inch to be split only into quarters.

Stones was furious. "How can the bar drop a quarter of an inch when I didn't touch it?" he demanded. "That was the best jump I ever made in my entire life. At my plant, before I went up in the air, I thought, 'That's it! What a jump!' If the bar had been at 7′7″, I would not have touched it. Never in my life have I had one click like that.

"It's unbelievable. I've been jumping for these officials for five years here in the Los Angeles arena. How come they weren't more careful when I was going for a world record?"

No one was able to explain the gaffe. The bar was raised to 7′7″, and Stones took three stabs at that height, all unsuccessful. "How could I get psyched for 7′7″ after all that?" he said. "I was a basket case. You don't come back after something like that.

"I don't like to get upset like this," he added, "but this is the most important thing in the world to me."

Stones credits his superlative performances this winter to his own new attitude toward life, competition and people in general. "I've changed tons in the past year," he says, a claim that the track-and-field community may find hard to credit. The old Stones was no bargain. He was obviously callow, given to outrageous boasting and rude behavior. His critics called him a petty troublemaker caught up in an all-consuming love affair with himself.

They may be astonished to learn that Stones reached sad agreement with such opinion last spring and decided to do something about it. Now a venerable 21, he seems mentally attuned to his craft and at ease with almost everything in track, except, of course, bumbling officials.

"I've gotten to the point where I don't devote all my life to trying to be obnoxious," he says. "I've tried to adopt the philosophy that if you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything at all, because it's not good to throw negative statements around all the time.

"I know I kept rubbing people the wrong way. Finally I realized, 'Hey, what are you doing to yourself?' I didn't want a majority of the people at a track meet to be sitting there hoping I'd lose. There'll be enough people cheering against me anyhow. Why give them more ammunition?"

Stones credits his mother with making him take a harsher look at himself. One result of their discussion was that Stones went back to UCLA last spring for a talk with Track Coach Jim Bush. The two had parted less than friends in 1972 after Stones had become bored with classroom work and unhappy with the financial assistance he was receiving—a job he felt was beneath the status of an Olympic bronze medal winner. "The talk ended up as an apology to Bush," Stones says, "because I felt pretty bad about things. We're on very good terms now." At present Stones is enrolled at Long Beach State. He says he plans to make the best of "this last stab" at an education.

"I had a closed mind about it a year ago," he says. "Now I realize that if I go for a job against another guy who's better qualified academically, I'm going to get snuffed. I won't let that happen."

Beyond his new attitude, an indication that this indoor season could become Stones' finest came last summer when he had his best overall European tour (he set his world record in Munich in 1973). Even so, the tour produced one of his greatest frustrations.

"In Berlin," he says, "I had a 7′7″ jump for eight seconds. I made the jump, and the bar looked like it was hardly even moving. The 20,000 people who had moved down by the high-jump pit were going crazy. I put my arms up in our Pacific Coast Club salute, dropped them, put them up again—and then the bar fell off. I couldn't believe it."

Such disappointments are part of the discipline of high jumping, as Stones has learned. At Portland this year he was able to cope with conditions that were far from ideal: the floor changes in both color and resiliency at the takeoff point. Before the meet Stones felt he might lose. Afterward, he said, "Last year that floor just blew my mind. I had two misses at 6′6″ and made only 6′11″. I think it reflects my new attitude that I wouldn't let it get to me this time. I said, 'Wait a minute. That isn't going to happen tonight.'" It didn't.



The officials taped twice, got two answers.

Stones' prime target is the 1976 Olympic Games. He says, "I'd love to dominate the Olympics so completely that second place is four inches behind me. I'd like to jump 7′8½″ at Montreal. As for people, I don't want them to judge me by what they've heard. I'm coming around. The kid is growing up. I feel like I've been redeemed.

"I want to do the best I can for my sport. I don't want a bad attitude to get in my way. I don't have the supreme self-confidence I used to have, but I haven't finished under 7′2″ all season."

At one meet Stones took time before his own winning jump to offer a pointer or two to Oregon State freshman Mark Wilson, who had done 7′1″ indoors. "I told him that when you've gone 85 inches in the air, 86 is nothing. I told him all he had to do was relax more. That's what I've done."

And what about the record? When will he challenge it again?

"Who knows?" he said after the *Times* meet. "Outdoors, probably. I never felt so good in my life as I did tonight. I'll have to go on Johnny Carson again to feel this good." **END**

MARAVICH AND ALL THOSE JAZZ

No team in the NBA has a worse record then New Orleans—and sometimes it looks that bad. But Pistol Pete has triggered down and morale is up

by PAT PUTNAM



When the New Orleans Jazz got Pistol Pete Maravich from Atlanta last spring in return for a batch of future draft picks, the reaction around pro basketball was that the expansion team had peddled its future for instant boffo at the box office. The justification for the deal was that when you have invested $6.1 million to join the league, and you are hip-deep in everybody else's unwanted reserve centers, you have to dangle *something* in front of prospective customers. The joker in this line of reasoning, it was suggested, was that last place is always last place, and that after watching Maravich do his act a few times, the people of New Orleans would soon go back to spending their depressed dollars on Oysters Rockefeller.

Now, heading toward the final third of the season, it seems that the smart guys were right about some things and wrong about others. As predicted, the team with the wonderful name opened with a woeful performance and, at 7-44, still has incontestably the worst record in pro basketball, with at least a mathematical shot at surpassing Philadelphia's '72-'73 season mark of 9-73. But in recent weeks the Jazz have been making passes at mediocrity, actually winning two of their last four games and four of their last 14. The Celtics aren't exactly quivering just yet, but a team that can win even that infrequently in the NBA without a legitimate starting center can't be all bad. At least, not all of the time.

Moreover, far from fleeing from the scene of the disaster as their team stumbled to a record of 1-12, 2-17, 3-24 and then 4-34, the fans became, if anything, even stronger in their support—and under extreme hardship. The Jazz have had some odd arenas to play in. They opened in the Municipal Auditorium, a dark place, ill-constructed for watching basketball, located in a run-down section of the city and holding only 7,800, with 1,000 of the seats having only a partial view of the proceedings.

After the Mardi Gras season descended in December, the team shifted to the field house at Loyola, which seats 1,300 fewer and has a court raised three feet above floor level so that spectators sometimes have the impression they are watching a game being played on a stage. Well, it is quite a show. The NBA Players Association, conjuring visions of their dues-paying members hurtling off the edges, made the Jazz lay out $5,000 for restrain-



Maravich gets thumped, but has it together.

Mel Counts waved so long to the Lakers.

ing nets, which may preserve the players but do not help visibility one bit. And there is never any parking, even for the contestants. But the Jazz-men profess to love the awful place. "It's our snake pit," says Maravich. The arena is neither heated nor air-conditioned, but things could be worse. The Jazz have won three of nine at Loyola.

Maravich is enjoying life much more now than when he first arrived in town. He was upset that Atlanta let him go, although he shed few tears over leaving Hawk Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons. He had averaged 24.3 points for Atlanta, but the team had only one winning season in the four he was there and so far as the papers were concerned, he was the reason. After Atlanta lost to New Orleans last Saturday night—it was the Jazz' first win on the road after 28 defeats—Atlanta's record was 23-35, and this year Maravich can be blamed for only two of the losses, the two games New Orleans won from them.



The season started badly for Maravich. First he suffered from severe tendinitis of the right ankle and a pulled hamstring. Then came the tragic death of his mother. Stories that the Jazz had given up too much to get him—in truth they probably could have had him for less—didn't help much, either.

Last Friday afternoon in Milwaukee, Maravich was looking back rather than ahead, where he could probably predict what would happen. That night the Jazz would play the Bucks, with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar dominating New Orleans' two centers, Otto Moore and Mel Counts. Milwaukee would win 119–98.

"That trade," said Maravich. "I didn't make the trade. Why do people ask *me* about it? People have to criticize something and when I'm around, it's usually me.

"I can't understand why everything is negative, negative, negative. I guess it says a lot about human nature that people would rather read about Pete Maravich the ball hog, not Pete Maravich the ball hawk. I shoot 30 times a game and I'm a gunner. I shoot only eight times and I'm over the hill. What really slays me is that people actually believe all that stuff written about me. They don't know me, yet they think they do.

"Look," he said, "I'm just one share. There are 12 shares on a team. One man never has won nor ever will win a championship by himself. Yet people say, 'You can't win with Pete Maravich.' Win where? Lord knows, I came into the pros with a lot of pressure on me. No matter what I did it would never be enough. But put me on the Celtics and suddenly everyone would think I was the greatest player alive. Look, Pete Maravich has grown up. Well, it would still be me, the same Pete Maravich playing the same way."

Maravich began to get his game together on Jan. 10. He scored 38 against Houston that night, and had 11 rebounds and eight assists. Seven days later he scored 42 against Seattle, with 10 rebounds and 17 assists. Seventeen assists from a ball hog? On Jan. 19 he scored 40 against Buffalo, with 14 rebounds and 13 assists. Fourteen rebounds from a guard? In New Orleans' last 14 games, Maravich has averaged just under 30 points while making 86 rebounds and 110 assists. In the whole season at Atlanta last year he registered only 396 assists.

Aaron James rambled in from Grambling.



Otto Moore was signed on as a free agent.

With Maravich operating in the style to which he is apparently becoming accustomed, there is some hope for the Jazz. And that is more than they had a few months ago when they were trying to turn it around with players like Neal Walk.

Walk is another of the game's tall and erratic vegetarian centers. To get Walk from Phoenix, the Jazz were beguiled into giving up Dennis Awtrey, Curtis Perry and Nate Hawthorne. Awtrey and Perry moved immediately into the Suns' starting lineup. Walk arrived in camp as

continued

the fifth center on the Jazz roster. He had an injured knee and soon strolled into three doctors' offices. The consensus was two to one against an operation, perhaps because the doctors felt New Orleans *needed* five centers.

On a meatless diet, Walk's weight had dropped from 240 to 220 but he said he had found new strength through kung fu and yoga. And, he suggested, maybe his knee wasn't injured after all. "It might have been the power of suggestion. Some people have told me I look gaunt, I look weak. It's not how you look, it's how you feel."

Walk also suggested to New Orleans reporters that perhaps it would be better if scoring were eliminated from basketball. "Maybe it's Utopian, but wouldn't it be something if the fans could approach a professional basketball game as others approach ballet?" he asked. "You go to a ballet to see artists work. It should be the same in basketball. Bob McAdoo is an artist. And there's plenty of others. Why not appreciate their moves? Their gifts? Why is the score more important than the artists?"

No one in New Orleans had an answer, and a few weeks ago the Jazz dealt Walk and Guard Jim Barnett to the Knicks for Henry Bibby, a guard three years out of UCLA. So now only three of the Jazz' artists remain from the expansion draft: Forwards E.C. Coleman and Bud Stallworth and Guard Louie Nelson. The others have come from the college draft (Aaron James, a promising 6′ 8″ forward out of Grambling) or in trade (Bibby, Nate Williams from Kansas City-Omaha) or by purchase (Counts from the Lakers). Plus, of course, Maravich. Two others, Moore and Guard Bernie Fryer, came aboard as free agents.

"And what do you tell them? What do you tell a team with just seven victories and no chance at the playoffs?" sighs Butch van Breda Kolff, who replaced Scotty Robertson as coach 15 games (1-14) into the season. Robertson was fired by Fred Rosenfeld, who was himself fired as president only a few weeks later. So far, the team has had 26 players, two coaches, two arenas, two assistant coaches (Sam Jones and Elgin Baylor, who remain), two presidents and a partridge in a pear tree.

This is van Breda Kolff's eighth coaching job, his fifth in the pros. He still wears a jacket bearing the seal of Princeton, which he coached to four Ivy League titles in five years, 1962-67. All but one of his first seven posts van Breda Kolff quit, usually in disgust.

"You know you have to be a little crazy to be a coach," he says. "If you weren't a little crazy, you'd be doing something else. It's like hearing someone say that you have to have good judgment to be an official. If they had good judgment they wouldn't be officials."

Van Breda Kolff fires up another in an endless succession of cigars, which he carries around in glass tubes. "But I love this game," he growls—his voice is never anything but a growl. "The movement, the good passing, the movement without the ball, the finesse, cleverness. This is the game I like to teach: the fluid game. And this is the game the fans like to see. Fans are sophisticated enough to deserve something more than just pure scoring and bulling around. When do you hear the loudest cheers? Always over one of two things: a little extra hustle or that real good passing play. Bulling your way for a layup doesn't impress anybody."

When van Breda Kolff arrived, the Jazz went back to work on fundamentals. He believes there is only one way to win: to be sound in the fundamentals and to play as a unit.

He bites down hard on his cigar. "It used to be that a pro coach was there to refine," he says, "to get the guys to play together, to keep them happy. Now it's a teaching job. Players coming into the pros now are weak in fundamentals. You can blame it on the pro games on TV. The kids try to emulate the pros without learning the basics. They are all trying to skip high school and college and go straight into the NBA. Where are all the teachers? I want everyone on my team sound, and to be involved. Not that I want a bunch of robots. No I want flair—that's part of the game. But it has to be at the right time. You can't go wild with four guys waiting for the ball. That's where intelligence comes in, another ingredient lacking in the pros."

Could Maravich be coached by van Breda Kolff? No way, said the wise money. Maravich flairs almost as naturally as he breathes. And almost as often. The two sat down and talked. It has not been easy after years of being a free spirit on the court, but Maravich is becoming van Breda Kolff's kind of player.

"I do what I'm told to do and I play the way I'm told to play," Maravich says. "I get paid the same, no matter what. Management is what determines whether you're a winner or a loser, and management feels that is the style that will win for us—eventually. I can play any style of ball anybody wants. My job is to slow things down and set up our so-called of-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO



In his fifth pro coaching job, van Breda Kolff still is explaining the basics to his players.



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fense. Then if the shot goes in, well, that's leadership."

Last summer Maravich did some teaching himself, putting on clinics in the Pacific Northwest. Each clinic lasted three hours, and to enliven them he added a running string of jokes plus a song-and-dance act. He loved it. Until he tried to get from Forks, Wash. to Seattle.

"I was all over the place. Even in a little village called Humptulips," he said. "Don't ask me what they do there. Then one day I had to get to Seattle from Forks and they told me it was a 5½-hour drive through the mountains. Some logger said he was flying there and offered me a ride. He was a big guy with a shaved head and he looked mean."

When they got to the airport, it turned out to be a cow pasture, and the plane was so small Maravich didn't see it until it was pointed out to him.

"It looked like it was left over from World War I," Maravich remembers. "We had to run around the pasture a couple of times to get up enough speed to get over the trees. I thought, Oh my God, I'm going to die in the woods and they'll never find my body. The mountains were at 7,000 feet and we're dodging around them at 6,500. And the guy is leaning out the window pointing out things to me. Mountain goats. Bears.

"One time we're going straight at a mountain and the guy is looking out of the side window. Finally I couldn't stand it. I reached over and pulled the wheel up gently, and we just missed crashing. The guy looked up and said, 'Oh, thank you.' When we got down, I kissed the ground."

Maravich made it, and so perhaps in time will the Jazz. In Coleman they have a fine young defender, and under the tutelage of Elgin Baylor he is coming along as an offensive threat. James, the rookie, and Nelson and Stallworth have all shown potential, and Bibby is a sound if not spectacular performer. And there is the Louisiana Superdome, which will perhaps solve the team's arena problems next season. While the Jazz may have lost their top draft pick to Atlanta (as part of the Maravich deal) they still have two lesser first round choices through trades. And a couple of thirds.

The world isn't ending. A friend told Maravich as much last week. "Like you could be a truck driver," he said.

"What's wrong with that?" Maravich said. "There's a lot of money in it. Look at Claude Akins. In *Movin' On*." **END**



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HIGH PRIEST OF THE HIGH REV

Australia's revolutionary swimming coach, Forbes Carlile, defies the orthodox but gets results, notably with windmilling young freestylers

by ***COLES PHINIZY***

Cautioning his countrymen against the latest trend in freestyle technique, Howard Firby, a Canadian swimming expert, wrote last March: "The vaunted 'modern Australian freestyle' (high revs, two-beat kicks, so-called 'power' stroking) expounded so effusively by always-expounding Forbes Carlile, is just another style, and a questionable one at that. I wonder if those who use it enjoy their swimming? Canadian coaches should ignore it. In fact, our swimmers are already superior in technique to the Australians."

When this brickbat thrown by Firby struck the solid, resolute form of Swimming Coach Forbes Carlile in Sydney, it shattered on impact, eliciting roars of laughter from its target. When under attack, Forbes Carlile loves to *laugh*, and in this instance laughter was warranted.

First off, there is no such thing as a "modern Australian freestyle," because the freestyle is not a stroke but a category of swimming events in which any stroke is allowed. Furthermore, since the early '30s, when the leg-thumping, slow-stroking Japanese turned the happy-time sport of swimming into a national ordeal, no coach worth the name has considered any stroke, slow or fast, something to "enjoy." And still further, be it a delight or an agony, in competitive swimming as in all of life, it is hard to argue with success. Three years ago, using the two-beat kick and "fast-revving" stroke condemned by Firby, Forbes Carlile's pupil Shane Gould broke every world freestyle record in the book in eight months—something no other fast- or slow-stroking man or woman ever had done or will easily do. Carlile's latest prodigy, 14-year-old Jenny Turrall, a two-beater who takes 62 strokes per 50-meter pool length, was world class across the board when she was 13 and has broken the 1,500-meter record five times, leaving her best rivals several body lengths behind.

In the past 70 years, swimming powers have come and gone, but Australia has managed to hang in there, thanks largely to "always-expounding" Forbes

Carlile gives his current world-beater, Jenny Turrall, a respite from her demanding regimen.

Carlile and a handful of other restless coaches of revolutionary bent. Firby's statement had come on the heels of the last Commonwealth Games, held in Christchurch, New Zealand. It was at those same games that Carlile's windmilling tyke and her fast-revving teammates won seven freestyle titles and lost one—to a New Zealander—leaving Canada, the nation "superior in technique," only four second places and lesser scraps. And at last month's New Zealand Games, also held in Christchurch, Turrall swam to three firsts—in the 400- and 800-meter freestyle and the 400-meter individual medley—as well as a third in the 200-meter freestyle.

Considering the preponderant evidence, what prompted a Canadian expert suddenly to heave a brick made of such seemingly unsubstantial clay at an Australian half a world away?

Perhaps it is because in brickbat throwing, as in more classic forms of the hunt, the real challenge lies in the quality of the prey. For certain, Forbes Carlile is a challenging target. He is a rare and curious bird, at times prominent as a peacock, but never an easy mark. For one thing he is often on the move, here today and anywhere tomorrow. For another, this is not the first time a potshot has been leveled at him—in his quest for knowledge he has almost done himself in several times—and after 30 years he is still aflap with new ideas. Forbes Carlile is steeped in the lore of swimming and stroke dynamics; he is disciplined in the science and theories of physiology and is loaded with empirical fact; but, for all that, he is generally open-minded, if on occasion he can be as unconventional as the Mad Hatter.

Early on, before Carlile became known the world around, his far-out experiments and total involvement in sports physiology made him a favorite of Australian papers and journals, which often featured him as they did Shirley Temple, Winston Churchill, Al Capone, Sir Donald Bradman, Leopold and Loeb and other characters whose life stories paid off in the telling and re-telling. Thirty years ago when Carlile swam around in sharky Sydney Harbor to test the diffusion rate of various muslin fabric bags filled with copper acetate "shark repellant" he was instant news. His tests became even better copy later on, after it was proved that the copper acetate was about as effective against hungry sharks as a pinch of snuff.

But Carlile has never been the kind of general who sends troops where he would not go himself. Often in his research he has been his own most enthusiastic guinea pig. In a study of the effect of warming up on athletic performance, he has stuck thermocoupled needles into his own legs to find out how fast and drastically muscle temperatures rise and fall during intermittent periods of mild activity and rest. Bucking the common opinion of coaches that passive warming with hot baths or showers was enervating, if not downright debilitating, he put himself through a series of 220-yard swims with and without a hot-water warm-up, finding that after an eight-minute shower as hot as he could stand, his times improved 1½%. Figuring that his performances might have been affected by preconceived notions, he persuaded 16 dutiful Olympic prospects to put up with a similar program of alternating swims. Thirteen of the 16—including six skeptics who insisted the hot-water ordeal left them as limp as rag dolls—swam better times whenever they were preheated. The average improvement was about 1%, which in top competition today is often the difference between first and sixth place. Four of Carlile's Australian swimmers who went to the 1948 Olympics in England preheated themselves, and three recorded all-time bests.

Although dispassionate, precise data is what he always seeks, when Carlile recalls the swimmers he parboiled in the interest of science, he is hard put to contain himself. As he now relates, roaring exuberantly, "After an eight-minute hot bath, they were not just pink. Pink was not the word. They were bright red, sweating and staggering, some to the point where we almost had to help them onto the starting blocks."

In 1953, after a truculent horse he was riding threw him over its head, Carlile tried hypnotism to rid himself of a lingering backache. Impressed by his own recovery, he experimented with post-hypnotic suggestion on some of his swimming protégés, achieving what at best might be called mixed results. Through hypnotic suggestion he was able to help a number of swimmers with minor hang-ups, such as dislike of cold water. But in other cases he ran into a problem that practitioners of hypnotism have long recognized: there is always a risk that the suggestion offered will be misinterpreted by the subject. When Carlile implanted the idea that Olympic butterflyer Brian Wilkinson would not feel fatigue in his arms, Wilkinson did poorly the next time off the blocks. "It backfired badly," Carlile recalls with a customary outburst of self-demeaning laughter. "Wilkinson not only did not feel fatigue in his arms, but he complained that he felt as if he were swimming with no arms at all."

Carlile implanted in long-distance Olympian Gary Winram the idea that a shark would be chasing him in his next race. Winram did marginally better. But Carlile readily concedes he might have done as well without any imaginary shark snapping at his flailing feet. The matter was never pursued because shortly thereafter Winram's parents, looking askance at such doings, hauled their son out of Carlile's pool and turned him over to another coach. Although he does not think he wholly explored the potential of hypnotism, Carlile stopped experimenting for two reasons: he did not feel such tampering with the psyche was justified in sport and, beyond that, he realized that when it comes to dedication, concentration and confidence—the qualities that count—most champions are their own best hypnotists.

The world of swimming might never have felt the full impact of Forbes Carlile if certain personal quirks had not showed up early in life: specifically, a wandering mind and a weak stomach. In the '30s, when Carlile was still a grade-schooler in Sydney, a teacher wrote despairingly to his parents, "His low marks are a natural result of neglected homework and poor concentration." Carlile himself remembers the worst of his grammar school efforts as a spelling test in which he scored three out of 50.

His parents took him out of the city school and put him in Scots College, one

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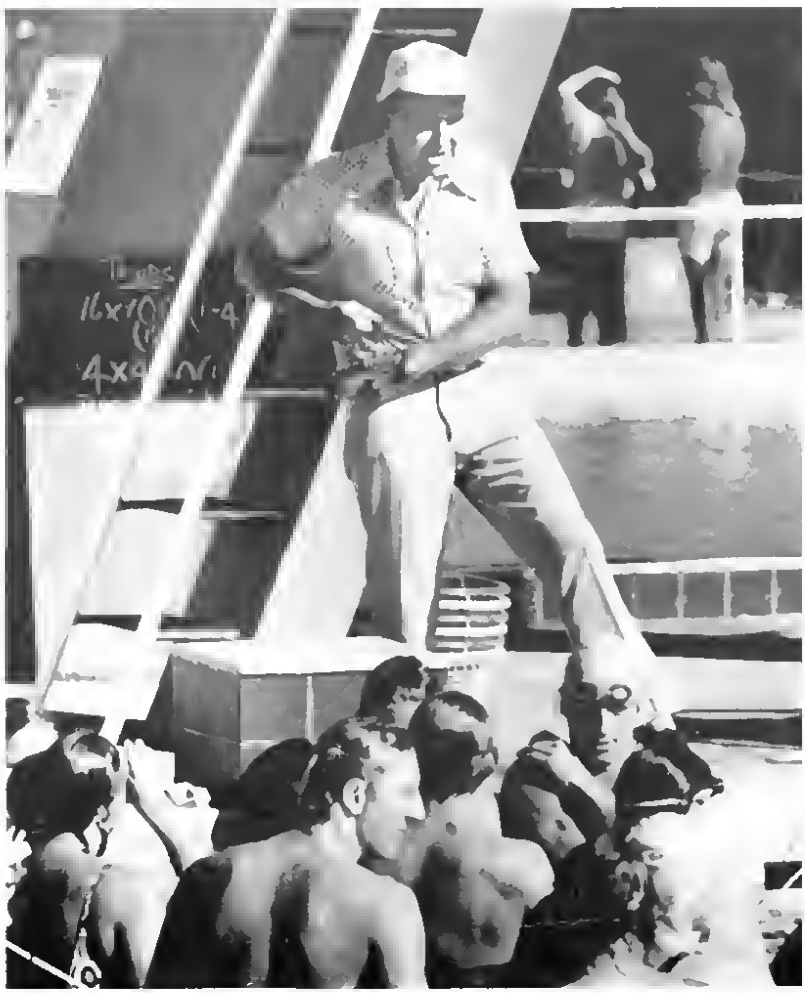
of New South Wales' nine "great public schools," which are, as in Tom Brown's old England, actually private institutions. A big part of the enrollment at Scots College was made up of outback ranch owners' rugged scions sent to get big-city learning. The school was disposed to Locke's philosophy of a sound mind and body, and in such a garden Carlile thrived as an all-rounder. He won his colors as an expert rifleman, all-conference rugby forward, champion swimmer and determined, if plodding, mile runner. In his final year he won the school's cup for excellence in study and sport.

Carlile went on to the University of Sydney with plans to become a doctor but gave them up within a year because a movie of an operation, which spared the viewer almost nothing, had made him sick enough to throw up. He switched to botany, where the intimate workings of bryophytes and gymnosperms were easier to take. He minored in human physiology, becoming so infatuated with it he gave up botany. In this new field Carlile came under the influence of the late Dr Frank Cotton, a genius with a gypsy heart. Although Cotton is best remembered today as co-developer of the G-suit, the apocrypha and sidelights published about him equal those that have been written since about his protegé Carlile. There is a published fact or legend that Cotton once was late for a dinner date with his wife because during an experiment he got stuck up to his waist in a barrel of plaster. Another tale has him almost killing himself by pedaling a bicycle full tilt into a bus while mulling a problem. It is true that during World War II, on a return flight from England, he happened to be in Darwin in Australia's Northern Territory when Japanese bombers first raided the town. It was a rare chance to measure the stress of people under attack, and Cotton did not waste it. While the Japanese were shaking up Darwin, he spent his time taking the pulse rates of his embattled countrymen.

By the end of World War II, when Carlile was deep in graduate work and also lecturing under Cotton, he gave up competitive swimming and rugby. As he now describes it, he had put on so much weight his thighs were colliding. To stay fit enough for rugby refereeing, Carlile began running with budding distance men he was coaching, ultimately deciding that if he planned to make a career of sports physiology, he could gain insight by becoming a competitor again. In 1949 he set aim on representing Australia in the modern pentathlon at Helsinki's 1952 Olympics.

While readying himself for the pentathlon, he became intrigued with the idea of running a marathon, and this was almost his undoing. For six months of 1950 he averaged 42 miles of running a week, which is simply not enough for a marathoner—Carlile's top swimmers now average more than that in water. Fearful that he might make a poor showing in the New South Wales marathon in September of 1950, 13 days before it was held Carlile ran an all-out time trial over 20 hilly miles, and by projection figured he could do the classic distance in about three hours.

If Carlile had known then all he knows now about the intricacies of stress and the general adaptation syndrome in hard endurance work, he would never have put himself through such double jeopardy in a 13-day span. He placed 10th out of 40 in the marathon, clocking three hours 13 minutes. For the week following he was nauseous, feverish, weak and addleheaded, and was admitted to the psychiatric ward of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, where his grief was diagnosed as being the result of acute renal failure and attendant hemoglobinuria with consequent uremia. In brutal terms, because of the double beating he had given his system, his kidneys up and quit, leaving him to die in his own poison. A half-dozen medical brains gave up on him, but after 10 days of lingering be-



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tween here and the hereafter, abetted by tubes in various parts of his body, he began to come around.

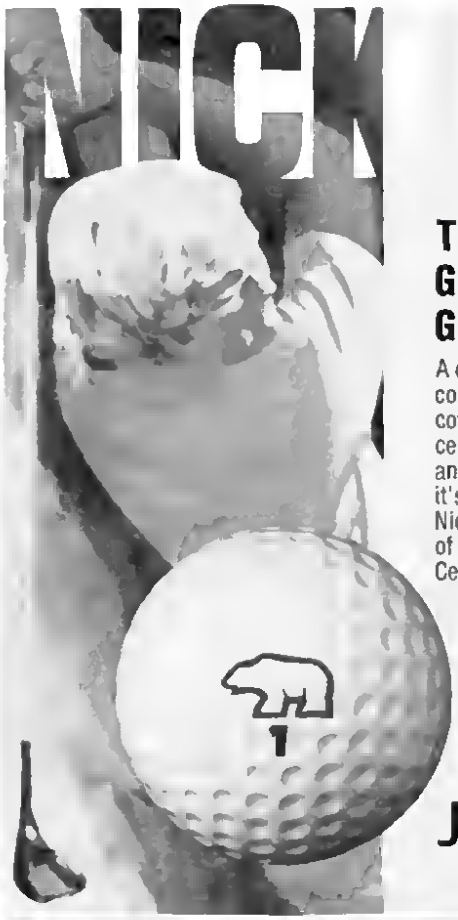
After his near death Carlile, who extracts something from every Pyrrhic victory, told the press that because he was able to observe severe overstrain firsthand, he would not trade the experience for £1,000. ("A safe enough statement," one reporter observed, "since nobody in his right mind would have offered him a bloody bent penny for it.") Because of his close call, doctors advised Carlile to give up the strenuous life. Eight and a half months after getting back on his feet he ran another full marathon in three hours 19 minutes.

During his illness Carlile stuck with the idea of becoming an Olympic pentathloner. While still abed in the hospital he practiced dry-firing a dummy pistol. In 1952 the pentathlon was definitely not an Australian sport, in part because that nation has always been gun-leery—in New South Wales even today a handgun permit is about as easy to get as a private audience with Howard Hughes. Nonetheless Carlile obtained a permit and went to the Olympics armed with a warped secondhand Webley revolver he had bought for £10.

To prepare for the pentathlon's equestrian event, Carlile paid £30 more for a horse named Grut, which had been foaled in the rural town of Wagga Wagga. Before Carlile began fattening him up on molasses, Grut, the wonder horse of Wagga Wagga, looked like a collection of ribs connected to legs, and had never jumped over anything higher than his own shadow. "The horse and I taught each other," Carlile recalls.

Despite the handicaps of a mediocre training mount, a warped pistol, his nation's disinterest and an error of more than one minute in his time for the 4,000-meter cross-country run, Carlile managed an overall 25th out of 52 competitors in the 1952 pentathlon. In modern Olympics there have been some unusual, versatile performers. In 1948 Harrison Dillard became a sprint winner after failing to make the U.S. team in his specialty, the high hurdles. After winning a boxing gold medal in 1920, Eddie Eagan returned in the wintertime of 1932 to take another in bobsledding. Out of the whole lot in the modern Olympiads, Carlile is quite possibly the only man who first took part as a coach (swimming, 1948)

continued



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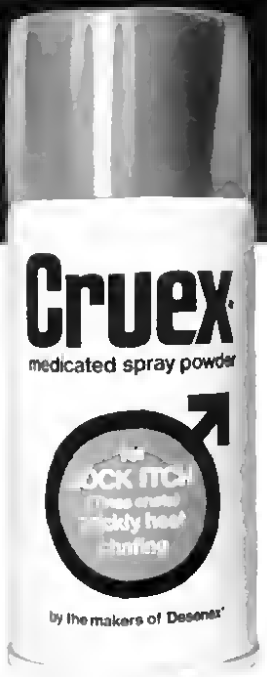
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and came back as a competitor (pentathlon, 1952).

As a physiologist Carlile is well versed in the discrete matters of heart, nerve and muscle that apply to athletes treading the fine line between maximum performance and possible breakdown. But he is no bookbound coach. Like his prime counselor, Dr. Cotton, he holds to the tenet that coaching is an art humbly based on science. His success today depends most on his ability to keep swimmers of varying promise stirred up and his ability to cope with parents of all kinds through the tedium of double workouts five or six days a week almost every week of the year.

Today Carlile catches the occasional brickbat not only because of his rebel belief that there is more than one good way to swim the crawl but also because he is seemingly hidebound on another count. In the face of a growing emphasis today on the quality rather than the quantity of training, Carlile remains outspoken for quantity—so much so that anyone challenging him on the matter runs the risk of being smothered by incontestable fact and the latest theories. "Speed through endurance" is his credo, and his students must keep the faith.

Twenty years ago, 1,000 miles of swimming a year with a few months' layoff here or there was considered sufficient fare for a champion. Today Carlile swimmers go about 2,200 miles, with little letup in any season. "We give our swimmers Christmas and Good Friday off," he says jokingly, "and we begrudge them even that."

The swimming school that Carlile and his wife Ursula operate in Sydney employs 55 assistants and handles more than 2,000 pupils a year in nine pools at four sites in the northern suburbs of the city. The clientele of the Forbes and Ursula Carlile School of Swimming runs the gamut in age from three months to 80 years, in competence, from dud to world-beater. It is one of the largest such institutions in the world—an odd example of free enterprise that owes a fair bit of its current growth to the oppression of the free enterprise system that spawned it. Taxes in Australia are fierce; as a consequence the Carliles live modestly, plowing the yield of their school back into it, profiting, as it were, by making a profitable operation show as little profit as possible. Carlile observes, "After years at it I have never really come to terms with the idea of making a living out of swimming."

Curiously, the natural blessings that originally made Australia a competitive swimming power are today almost as much a hindrance as a help. Prior to the 1930s, back when competitive swimming was by and large a sun-fun affair, Australia, with its moderate coastal climate, capitalized on the swimming brawn developed in its booming surf. An old Australian Olympian like Noel Ryan, who was known as a bear for work, swam less than a mile a day in pools, and that only seven months a year. On that modest regimen he managed to stay competitive for 15 years. In the brisk water—60° or less—prevalent in Sydney's outdoor pools more than half the year, any hardy soul can manage half a mile daily, but it is dangerously cold for a modern waif like the 111-pound Turrall, who spends about four hours out of every 24 in water, grinding out eight miles. For lack of heated outdoor pools, much of Australia's swimming mileage is done short course, indoors. Furthermore, to compete against the top powers of the northern hemisphere in their big summer meets, Australians must go at it hard in their late fall and winter, when the sun hangs low and school is in session. To fit the mileage around academics, the morning workout for Carlile's competitive swimmers begins in darkness at 4:45 a.m. on school days.

In the past 30 years Carlile has traveled the world spasmodically as competitor, coach, lecturer, reporter, kibitzer and commentator. He spent a term as national swimming coach of The Netherlands and has been a paid guest in half a dozen other countries seeking his counsel. Despite his reputation abroad, in certain quarters back home he is still a prophet with tainted honor. The Australian Swimming Union, the governing body Down Under, is amateur to the core, as true-blue as Oxford and purer than the puritan colleges of the Ivy League. In its rigidity against the insidious inroads of professionalism, the Australian Union makes its U.S. counterpart, the A.A.U., look like a bunch of libertines.

Back in 1956, when Australia put together its strongest Olympic swimming squad and whomped the world in its home pool in Melbourne, none of the

four professional coaches who produced the bulk of the talent—Frank Guthrie, Sam Herford, Harry Gallagher and Forbes Carlile—was selected to lead the team. During the actual competition at the Melbourne Games, the professional coaches of a dozen countries could be seen mixing with their swimmers, but Australia's pros were isolated to the extent that they were not even given passes to visit their protegés in the Olympic village. Australia's talent producers attended the Games as representatives of press and radio. To American newsmen astonished at such treatment, a local reporter explained, "What you coves don't understand, our Swimming Union rates a professional coach about one cut above a leper with a bell."

Back in the mid-'40s, almost a decade after the International Swimming Federation (FINA) recognized the butterfly stroke, the Australian Swimming Union was still debating whether to allow it in national competition—with a young, then respectable, amateur coach, Forbes Carlile, campaigning for it. Although the Swimming Union now does appoint pro coaches to international squads, there are few other heartening signs to suggest that Australia's governing fuddy-duddies are shaking off what one wit has described as "self-perpetuating rigor mortis." In Australia a professional is still not allowed a voice in any convention or membership on any committee of consequence.

The rigidity of the Union is such that it is currently rejecting one of the finest ideas taking hold elsewhere in the world: masters swimming, which in effect is age-group competition for swimmers who are over the hill. In the U.S. the A.A.U. issues masters cards to amateurs and professionals alike. Dr. Jim Counsilman, Indiana University's professional brainstorm, is a masters swimmer. So is Buster Crabbe, who cashed in on his aquatic fame as a movie Tarzan 40 years ago. Just turned 25, Mark Spitz, who made a few bucks off swimming, is eligible for a masters card. To the Australian Swimming Union the idea that tainted old men like Counsilman, Crabbe and Spitz should be mixing in the same water with untainted old men is unthinkable. This antediluvian stance naturally has provoked protest from Forbes Carlile. After one of his blasts appeared in the press, a former president of the Union complained to Carlile that his utterances were giving the Union a bad name. Carlile shot back, "You're getting a bad name without my help."

In many swimming coaches of renown there is a fire not easily doused, and a dash of acid. But even the most fervid of them in the past, such as Matt Mann and Bob Kiphuth, mellowed in time. Carlile of Australia is now three years into his second half-century, but mellow he is not. He is the same Carlile, still up there on the barricades he helped erect, defying the established order he helped establish, catching brickbats and waving the flag of tomorrow. **END**

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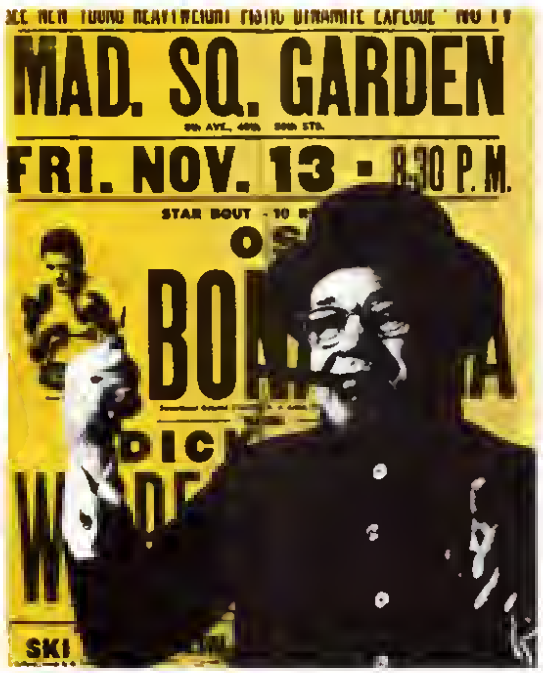
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The One-Minute Angels

Between rounds, they double in psychology and 60-second surgery. Between bouts, they pump fight into fighters. Charley Goldman (right) was a prize oldtimer, but times have changed

by MARK KRAM



It was not necessary to look like Charley Goldman to work a corner in boxing, but whenever he was not there something seemed to be missing, as if you were looking at a wall from which a favorite picture had just been removed. From the sideshow feet to the derby which crowned a head reminiscent of Van Gogh's potato eaters, Charley was right out of central casting. He was the perfect embodiment of the public image of the corner man, a wandering sect that scratched out survival with swab sticks, stopwatches, pails full of humbug, muttlike loyalty and a compulsive attention to detail.

His looks aside, old Charley was notable mainly because—all things equal—he brought an edge to a fighter. As for the others, most remained just pasty faces moving through yellow light, a parade of dead men with towels over their shoulders and worn satchels in their hands. By day, you looked for them at Stillman's, a temple of higher learning re-

continued

Best-known of the men who work corners, Angelo Dundee gives stern counsel.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER



ANGELS *continued*

nowned for its foulness of air and the breed's inclination to despoil; by night, in the grayness of an automat, hunched behind very white coffee and a piece of arid cheesecake. Acclaim would only have confused their rigid, solitary lives.

In the old days only a few were more than parenthetical drops in news reports. Some of those who counted: Whitey Bimstein, the Hippocrates of trainers; Bill Gore, the architect of Willie Pep; avuncular Jimmy August, who worked with the late Dick Tiger; Ray Arcel, the quiet tactician who spent too much of his career picking up victims of Joe Louis. They were invaluable to their clients (Charley Goldman gave life to the stone legs of Rocky Marciano), but their rewards were modest compared with the earning power and celebrity of the best of those who followed them.

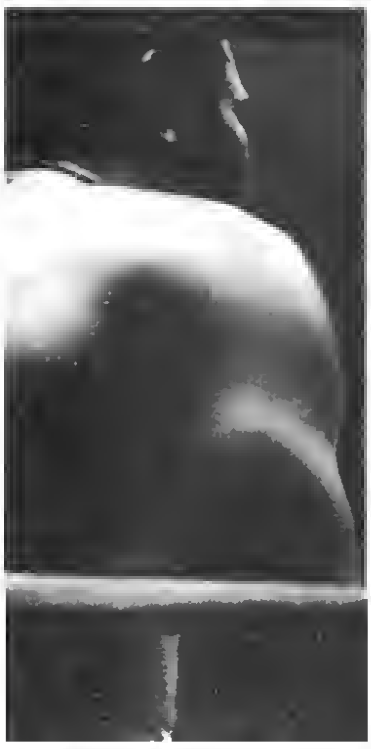
Three trainers now stand at the top of their trade: Angelo Dundee, who has worked with Muhammad Ali from the start; Gil Clancy, who has Emile Griffith and Jerry Quarry, among others: and Eddie Futch, who handles Joe Frazier, and once salvaged the ruin that was Ken Norton. Neat, trim little men, none of them resembles or even vaguely reminds one of the old elite, most of whom would have stiffened in a restaurant that smelled of anything more than beefsteak and onions. But the new guard is generally comfortable with what currently passes as civilization, as well as the versatility required by the contemporary ring

Today boxing demands an ample brain pan of those who handle the best. There is none of that cursory stuff of jotting figures on the backs of envelopes or sticky bar napkins. You keep an eye on the lawyers (don't even blink) and you keep an eye on the math. The trainer is often now the manager, too. The job requires caution, even with the fighters. They are not the same fellows who used to walk around with lumpy ears and thick tongues and answered to any old name ("bum," for one), and later wondered, childlike, where the money went. The new fighters have names, sensitivities, a sense of the meanness that the ring can be; they also have the money.

Clancy was once a phys-ed teacher in Brooklyn; he boxed in the service and later became a trainer for the Police Athletic League Dundee was a street kid in South Philly; he did his internship at

continued





Graduated from ring center to corner, Willie Pep (above) learned his trade from old master Bill Gore Gil Clancy (right) demands emotion from his fighters, fiercely cajoling—often cuffing—them to angry attention. The calmest corner man is Eddie Futch (far right), who operates in an atmosphere of coolness and firm control.







ANGELS *continued*

Stillman's, where trainers swapped theories about cuts as if they were at a convention of plastic surgeons. Futch is one of the few professional boxers ever to make it as a big-time trainer. After a heart condition ended his fighting career, he studied under the great Chappie Blackburn, who tutored Joe Louis. The common ground of Clancy, Dundee and Futch is success. They have the quality fighters, yes, but they also know how to control, to motivate, to run a corner with acumen.

Begin with Eddie Futch, the quiet, gentle ex-lightweight who is probably the least known of the three. His style is pianissimo, yet his ability to transmit knowledge that sticks is incomparable. "If I had a good one now, a young one now," said the late Jack Hurley long ago in an L.A. gym while watching Futch explain a move, "there's only one man I'd have to have, and that's Eddie Futch. The man's a master." Eddie says he doesn't think of himself as "any kind of master," only a man who has patience. If necessary, he will spend six months teaching a kid a left hook. He will break down every move in the ring as if it were a problem in long division, and if he sees it all come together only once, it is enough for him. Of all the punches, he says, the left jab is the most vital to a fighter. "There are four, five different jabs," he says, "and they all look easy. But they don't learn 'em easy."

The late Yank Durham got most of the credit for Joe Frazier, and a lot of it was deserved. Durham's strength was in the back room of negotiations. Still, Futch played a key role in making Frazier a fighter, and carefully mapped the tactics. For years he would think of ways to dismantle Muhammad Ali, who was to him a rare and fascinating bird that he wanted to cage for one long moment. It took a while, but Eddie would be the only trainer to beat Ali—first with Frazier in the most dramatic, maybe the best, title fight of this century, then again with Norton, who had been merely a worker in the fields until Eddie picked him up. The key to victory was the same: relentless and steady pursuit.

Futch ran a cool corner the night Fra-

continued



Between bell and buzzer, Artie Curly urgently repairs his man with scissors and Adrenalin-dipped swabs.



zier beat Ali, whose own corner seemed to be in chaos. Ali is used to it, may even prefer it that way. Yet such an atmosphere does not usually help a fighter. "If a corner gets rattled," says Eddie, "it's a cinch the fighter will, too." He says the best corners are the ones that are noticed least. "Control, that's the word," he says. "Control of the fighter. Control *of* yourself."

Angelo Dundee works out of the Fifth Street Gym in Miami. He is the trainer the public knows best, mainly because he has had more fighters on television than anyone else, is often hired for instant analysis between rounds and is united visually with Ali in the public mind. When left alone, that is, when he is not working with Ali, Dundee runs a sharp corner, complemented by two seconds who are the best in the business: Luis Sarrea, the wordless Cuban, and Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, for whom boxing is one of many avocations.

The charge that Dundee tampered with the ropes in Zaïre (making them sag, to allow Ali to play them beautifully) is not true, but the trick is not beyond him. He is expert at preflight detail—not only ropes and canvas but publicity and propaganda.

Working in Ali's corner has been exasperating for Angelo, whose only balm is the money and a closeness to an authentic legend. Ali trains Ali, and he sometimes is a ruthless, heartless conditioner. The situation reduces Dundee almost to being a figurehead, a gregarious, eminently quotable press guide, a mediator of camp wrangles, a watcher of the camp's body politic. And few remember that it was Angelo who saved at least two major fights for Ali. But his role with Ali does not diminish him. He is quick of mind. He can follow a fighter's most convoluted thoughts. He knows how to get response. And he has no peer as a cut man—or as a survivor in a tattered way of life.

Gil Clancy has not done badly, either. He operates from a gym on the lower West Side of Manhattan, a place barren of the slightest comfort. Clancy's face is not warming. It suggests sadism (because his one eye is impaired), and seldom can you measure his mood. He is more private than Futch or Dundee, more within himself, forever wary. Yet he is an emotional man in a gym or in a corner, and the joke is that you can always tell a Clancy fighter; he is black and blue from his own trainer. "Working with Emile Griffith for 20 years can do that to a man," says a friend. Griffith is the essence of professionalism: disciplined, willing and durable. In the ring he can also be a study in limp concentration. Because of it, his fights often flirt with dullness, and defeat.

"Once Griffith tames a guy," says Clancy, "he seems to lose interest. That's what happened against Benny Paret. I had burned it into Emile's mind that once he got inside, he should punch, punch, punch and never stop! He never looked better. Then he goes blank again. He gets hit in the sixth and gets up at the bell. He comes back into the corner, and I look for a long time into his eyes. And then I slapped him across the face so hard my hand stung. Sadly, everybody knows what happened after that." Caught on the ropes, under one of the most uncompromising attacks ever seen in a ring, Paret was knocked out and later died.

Clancy has worked in the corners of more than 200 fighters, including one so nervous he left his trunks in the dressing room. "That's all right," Clancy says. "I like emotional fighters. If they're way up, I don't have to be." Incompetence and sloppiness in a corner tick Clancy off. "All that pummeling of a fighter to refresh him is not often necessary," he says. "Nor is all that water. Sometimes you'd think they were loading up a camel. I remember Oscar Bonavena, with two relatives in his corner. He's tough enough to handle by himself. He kept saying, '*No agua, no agua*,' but they kept pushing the bottle up to his mouth and throwing buckets of water on him like he was on fire. They nearly drowned him. I had to yank the stuff away from them."

Such confusion, which unsettles most fighters, emphasizes the need for tighter controls over corner men. As it is, anybody can get a license to work in a corner, the anybodys ranging from boxers' personal gurus to local druggists and the uncle from Waycross. Before a bout it is difficult to tell who will be working the corner of some fighters because of the swarm of people flapping about them; the latest trend is to personal bodyguards. When the bell rings, only three people should appear in the corner, hopefully men who can go about their duties with swift precision. As the 60-second rest interval speeds by, there is no time to guess what has to be done. The corner should know when the fighter prefers water, know what it takes to revive him.

"You can feel quite foolish at times," says Dr. Pacheco. "Long ago, when I was learning under Angelo, I was working with Branca Otero. He came back to the corner at the end of the eighth round looking like he had just come off the Bataan death march. I unscrew the top of the ice bag and empty it, ice cubes and all, into his jock. He stands up for the ninth and just looks at me. Then, with a dagger in his voice, he says, 'Was that absolutely necessary?' "

A corner usually consists of a principal and two seconds. The principal, the manager trainer, is the only one who talks. The other two carry equipment, Adrenalin, Q-Tips, towels, a bucket, water bottles, all the accouterments of the trade. Ten seconds before the bell rings signaling the end of the round, the principal is up on the top step with the stool, waiting for the fighter. With a swipe of the towel he wipes off the fighter's face, removing grease and sweat, and almost simultaneously he takes the mouthpiece and hands it to a second to be washed. He reapplies Vaseline to brows and cheekbones, talking calmly about the next round. His seconds have stretched out the fighter's trunks and have him gulping deep breaths of air.

Certain rules should never be broken. The word "tired" is banned from conversation in any form, even when referring to an opponent. Fighters sag visibly when the word is mentioned. Also, when the fighter sits down in his corner he should not be allowed to stretch out his arms on the ropes. His arms should be folded in front of him, giving the impression of stoicism. Sponge baths and ice bags are not to be used until late in a fight. Such ministrations made early may convey to the fighter that he is wilting, that he needs maximum help. All of this makes sense, but there is also much charming nonsense concerning the handling of a fighter, so many slaphappy oldtime dicta and so much brittle advice. For example:

Sex is a killer: "It's rooned more good fighters than booze." Or, "It takes de legs right outta a fighter."

continued

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A boxer should get up at dawn and run. No sane reason has ever been given. Luis Rodriguez ran at night before supper, and he was remarkably durable.

Conditioning, getting a fighter ready, is a trainer's most delicate test, and for the boxer it is a masochistic ritual if ever there was one. The fighter brings his body, sometimes misshapen by excess, and the trainer brings his whips. Some trainers have been too malleable, some have used hobnails on their boots, and others have been indifferent. Toward the end of his career, George Chuvalo, that most splendid masochist, walked out of his camp when he could no longer stand the taunts of his handler. Few fighters like to train. Gene Tunney, for whom training was nearly a religion, was an exception, and so was the early Rocky Marciano, who would start work nine months before a bout. It is a lonely time. The body hurts, and it is easy to wallow in self-pity.

All the work used to be done in spare, wooded isolation, but now the big fighters are more public, close to the scent of perfume and unending distraction, often in the garish ballrooms of hotels. But there is only so much you can do to condition a fighter: the rest is up to him and his state of mind, specifically in the area of *will*. Tunney had it, Marciano had it, and so do Ali and Frazier. Because of their singlemindedness, if he were around today Whitey Bimstein would call them "nanimals." A lot of fighters think they qualify for that description, but few ever do. Inside, they are often frail men who lean toward hypochondria and, like most men who must live in constant communion with their bodies, they are forever looking for the *secret*: maybe a swallow of goat's milk and calf's blood; something, anything, to make them superhuman.

Cuts also are the object of much hocuspocus. Every gym has its witch doctor, every fighter has a trainer with a formula that will stop a river of blood. The fact is that too many cut men are clumsy butchers.

The location of a cut dictates the treatment: a cut eyelid is more serious than a cut ear; a cut on the bridge of the nose rolls up skin and is a nonstop bleeder; lips that are cut through are very ugly and difficult to handle; nose splits are rare but terrifying (*e.g.*, Marciano's in his September 1954 title fight with Ezzard Charles). But in general, says Dundee, the procedure for handling a cut is this:

"You wipe off the grime and ring dirt and apply Adrenalin on it with a Q-Tip, then apply pressure with both fingertips. This is the most important part of the treatment, pressure for at least 20 seconds. The Adrenalin causes the end arteries to clamp, and the pressure causes small clots, or stoppers, to form on the ends of the constricted vessels. Some cut men use bismuth powder to further clot the blood. Then a thick coagulant paste is applied. It has a cementlike quality that forms a tamponade. The first minute of the next round might see this punched out, but enough remains to stop the bleeding. The fighter returns to the corner, and the process is repeated over and over."

Dundee says the worst cut he ever had to handle was a slash over the left eye suffered by Florentino Fernandez in a fight with Jose Gonzales; it later required 64 stitches. Gil Clancy remembers Rocky Rivero in the Fernandez bout in 1963: "He had a six-inch cut under the chin. It looked like a second mouth." And of those who were there, who could ever forget Leotis Martin, whose lip was nearly sheared off, left hanging, by Jimmy Ellis in their 1967 Houston encounter. It makes one wonder about Ernest Hemingway, who would handle a fighter occasionally back in Idaho and once said, "I enjoy working the corners, handling the cuts, the fat eyes, the fat ears. . . ."

If you have a fighter who cuts easily (Henry Cooper had no equal), there is not much that can be done before a fight. Oldtime fighters used to soak their faces in brine, a practice that has long since been abandoned.

A few fights have been won by a quick-witted corner man when all was seemingly lost. Three such incidents stand out in memory, all involving Angelo Dundee. In his first bout with Cooper in 1963, Ali ran into one of Henry's famed left hooks. The bell saved him. Dundee then discovered that Ali's glove was ripped. Ali didn't even know he had gloves. Dundee was given time to get another glove. It took 10 minutes, more than enough time for Ali to put his head back together. "The last time a glove ripped in England," said one critic, "was when Henry the Eighth's falcon got fresh with his hand."

Then there was Ali's first fight with Liston, when Ali, blinded by wintergreen from Sonny's shoulder, wanted to quit, and Dundee shoved him back into the ring. And again Dundee, this time handling Willie Pastrano as Pastrano defended his world light-heavyweight title in England against Terry Downes. Willie was being soundly whipped. Downes was quite tired, so was Willie; and for some reason he was mad at Angelo. In the corner, Dundee berated Pastrano viciously. Willie glowered and started to lunge at Dundee.

"You mad at me?" Dundee bellowed at his man. "Don't be mad at me! I ain't takin' your title! There's the chump over there you should be mad at! He's takin' your title, sucker!" The aroused Pastrano knocked out Downes in the 11th round.

It is doubtful that the ancient Captain Barclay, a pioneer of precise training methods early in the 19th century, would have been as abrasive as Dundee. He liked to refer to the business as pugilistic art. His formula for training was conceived with great care; to him there was no higher calling than to prepare a man for combat. After the Captain's time the trade evolved first toward shoddiness, when, among other things, trainers would tape hands with lethal bicycle tape and would use razor blades to relieve swelling, and then to what is now (for the most part) humaneness and competence. The Captain would be pleased.

And so would Charley Goldman, who treated all of his fighters as if they were made of porcelain. His advice was endless: never buy diamonds off anyone on the street; only a sucker git hit with a right hand. At the end of his life at 85, Charley lived alone in one room on the upper West Side of Manhattan. The fixtures of his work were all over that room, Q-Tips, beat-up satchels, old chewed-up mouthpieces with a thin coat of dust. He used to sit there, his gnarled little hands clasped, and speak of Rocky Marciano. "I was the trainer of Rocky Marciano," he liked to say. He was not being boastful. He just wanted to make sure it was part of the record, for that was all he had left. And then one day they found him in his room, dead and wearing an old robe of Rocky's. Greater love hath no trainer. **END**

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NUPTIALS FOR TRACK AND TUBE

"Introducing the brand-new bet made just for television," read the ads that appeared at New York City's Off-Track Betting shops for the first time a month ago. The brand-new bet is called a Double Exacta, and in playing it a bettor attempts to pick the first two finishers in a televised horse race from the Bowie Race Course in Maryland as well as the first two finishers in a TV race from Florida's Hialeah in their "exact" order of finish. The payoffs for the few individuals who have won the Double Exacta have been big: for a $3 bet, the first one returned $18,070, the second $57,397 and last week's fourth in the series, $5,866. But the real winners and losers—of OTB's new television wagering are yet to be determined. Horsemen, tracks and state governments all have a stake in the Double Exacta. If they fare well, TV wagering, which is already expanding beyond New York, could eventually change televised racing into a horse of a different color in many areas of the U.S.

OTB is a state-regulated string of wagering parlors that allows horseplayers to bet legally without going to the track. In its almost four years of operation, OTB has attracted bets totaling $1.7 billion. Although most of that sum has been paid back to winning wagerers, New York City has earned $79 million from Off-Track Betting, the state has picked up $33 million and $46 million has been returned to horse racing. To get the Double Exacta on television, OTB put together a weekly Saturday afternoon package on New York City's independent WOR-TV. The program presents six races, the most thoroughbred races ever done during a single show in a major market, and the bettors' reaction to them has been enthusiastic. The first week six races were televised, horseplayers risked $793,492 on them. By last week the action totaled $1.2 million. With two more weeks remaining before New York's thoroughbred season opens and knocks the Double Exacta off the air, politicians and racing people already are looking on the experiment with widening eyes.

Revenues on the televised races have yielded approximately $75,000 for New York State so far, and Bowie and Hialeah have received approximately $50,000 each. It is not the quality of the shows that is attracting all those dollars. Produced by Marvin H. Sugarman Productions, Inc., the races are about as well done as the home movies your cousin took when he visited Denver last year. The response comes from the fact that a horseplayer can get down six bets and then watch how they all come out in a rapid-fire, 60-minute session. And, if he has a telephone account with OTB, he can bet without leaving his living room.



TV RACES HAVE UPPED THE BET AT NEW YORK SHOPS

Ever since OTB came sluggishly out of the starting gate in April 1971, it had tried to hook up with television. But every time it seemed set to sign a major contract with a racetrack, one side or the other pulled out a dry pen. OTB had good reason to believe that putting on its own TV package would result in a windfall. On its first day of business in 1971 only $66,080 was bet. Less than a month later it booked $1 million on one race: Canonero II's victory in the nationally televised Kentucky Derby Triple Crown races, all shown live, have drawn more than $21.5 million in OTB wagers since then.

Soon OTB will be making another use of television by airing a series of spot commercials baldly encouraging people to bet. "Until recently we were never able to use commercials on television," says OTB Chairman and President Paul Screvane. "We had been restricted by the National Association of Broadcasters from doing so. Now that they have eased up their rules we are going to advertise—probably in a big way."

People concerned with the well-being of racing often look uneasily at television, even though in France, for example, it has sometimes been a boon for both the sport and the tax collector. Two weeks ago wagers totaling $28 million were placed on the televised Prix d'Amerique trot in Paris, and horsemen and tracks received almost $2.5 million of that to help their sport, a far larger share of the profits than their New York counterparts get from OTB.

But during the past several months in the U.S., many racing people have begun to view the marriage of horse racing and television as a menace, because of a strange deal between New York and Connecticut. The television rights for all races at New York's major tracks—Aqueduct, Belmont, Saratoga, Yonkers and Roosevelt Raceway—were sold to Connecticut for a pittance. Under this plan, Connecticut will open a chain of "Tele-Tracks," charge $2 admission, take off-track bets and show the races live and in color on 30-foot-high screens. Track operators are understandably distraught. "We tried to fight it but lost," says Tim Rooney, president of Yonkers Raceway. "Our horses, trainers, drivers—our whole show—were given away for about $50 a race. A good percentage of our attendance comes from Connecticut. The loss of that portion of our crowds could be the difference between the track breaking even or losing money."

Although the Connecticut plan is not yet in operation, the success of OTB indicates the Nutmeg State can figure on spicing up its treasury by showing New York races on TV. And that is apt to make the combination of television and remote wagering irresistible to politicians in other states. The quiet introduction of the brand-new bet in New York could end up having dramatic, and perhaps deleterious, effects on all horse racing in the months and years ahead. END



With Abe Lemons' easygoing coaching and a 19-1 record

Pan Am finds the going great

Abilene, Tex. is a city whose earthly delights are so limited that Abe Lemons once punished his players during a visit there by telling them they had to stay out until 11 o'clock. "It is a bad place to lose a game because on cable TV they run the news in writing across the side of a fishbowl that has this big old goldfish in it," Lemons remarked last week as his Pan American University Broncs arrived in Abilene to play Hardin-Simmons. "That fish'll look at you, and if you lost, he can tell. The last thing you want to find yourself doing at night in Abilene is lying there a loser looking at that fish."

The Broncs kept the goldfish at bay by making mackerel out of Hardin-Simmons' Cowboys 82–75. It was Pan American's 18th win in a row and ran the record of the little-known college from Edinburg, Tex. to 19-1, better than any other NCAA Division I team except Indiana.

The afternoon before the game Lemons had watched the team's trainer, the faculty adviser, the sportswriter, the radio announcer and the assistant athletic director all head off with the players toward Pan Am's first practice session in two days. "Well," he said, "if everybody else is going, I guess I might as well go too."

It was not that Lemons felt guilty about not attending the session. He believes in what might be described as an alternate coaching style. "The players are more relaxed if there's not an adult with 'em," he said. "I'd prefer to send 'em over there with White." Lemons' assistant, Bill White, is well on up into his 30s, and Lemons usually jokingly lists him as "defensive coordinator" because the Broncs are, to say the least, not noted for defense. "Trouble is, there's nobody for him to coordinate it with," Lemons said.

It was only because he was going to be left by himself with no one to play poker or talk basketball theories with that Lemons tagged along, propounding all the way.

"They're always talking about cutting down the big man by raising the basket," he said. "I tell 'em they ought to bore a hole in the floor and change the rules so you have to drop the ball through. Then there'd be cheating to sign up little men. Everybody'd be chasing after guys two feet tall." Lemons stooped over, picked a tiny imaginary recruit, looked him square in the eye and said, "I'll give you a car."

When the team arrived at Taylor County Coliseum, balls were not immediately available, so Lemons proposed a little tip-in practice using the hat of Marshall Rogers, his high scorer with a 27.1 average. Then he digressed to tell about how they treated Rogers at the University of Kansas before he transferred to Pan Am:

"They wanted him to play all kinds of defense. Said they wanted him to take that big man's charge. 'Don't worry,' they told him, 'if you get hurt, we've got somebody to put in for you.' " Lemons does not require Rogers to get himself run over because that is not what Rogers does best. It is Lemons' philosophy not to impose an arbitrary system on players but to fit their respective strengths together, concede their weaknesses, chew them out entertainingly and turn them loose to play the game. Rogers' specialty is running and gunning. Early last week he shot 39 times as Pan Am defeated Texas A&I 119–85.

Rogers' backcourt mate is Jesus (Chuy) Guerra, the floor leader who holds all the school's assist records. During Lemons' 18 years at Oklahoma City University he often declared himself the nation's best coach of Indians. Now, in his second year at Pan Am, he is one of the very few college coaches working with a Mexican-American, and Guerra, with his 10.1 assists and 14.1 points per game, makes him look like the best. The other starters, Rogers, Gilbert King, Julies (pronounced "Julius") Howard and John McDowell, are black. "We need a little racial balance," says Lemons. "I'm thinking about getting a Chinese faculty adviser."

Not until Lemons arrived did Pan Am begin to take on Southwest Conference teams—it has beaten SMU and Rice this year—or travel as far away as Georgia Tech or Hawaii. None of Lemons' players was a blue-chip recruit, but they produce for him because, he says, "We don't do a whole lot of baloney." He imposes no curfew, except maybe the occasional reverse one. There are no team meals, no tricky plays ("I'd rather have tricky players"), no scouting reports (because he does not scout other teams), no emotional pep talks and no long, highly structured practices.

Sometimes there is no practice at all. After an hour or so at Taylor County Coliseum the balls still had not shown up. An elderly gentleman would appear from time to time and mumble at Lemons, and occasionally a younger man who spoke no known language would pop in and make some noises. "Everybody throw in a nickel and we'll get up a pool on what's been going on here. Whoever guesses closest wins the pot," said the coach. Finally he gave up and merely had his players run a few laps.

Three days without practice did not unduly bother the Broncs. Against Hardin-Simmons, Rogers played an unusually controlled game, taking only 17

shots, making eight of them and scoring 19 points. That allowed teammate King to take a rare turn as high scorer with 24 points, many of them on passes from Guerra, who had 11 assists. All of which was enough to offset Pan Am's uncoordinated defense and keep Lemons from a long night in Abilene being stared at by a goldfish.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Indiana rooters are certainly not fed up with their team, but they are becoming fed up *because* of it. Aware that two local McDonald's offer free hamburgers and French fries when the Hoosiers limit a foe to fewer than 50 points, fans screamed, "Burgers! Burgers! Burgers!" during a game against Michigan. The Wolverines' famine (they lost 74–48, their lowest point total in 14 years) led to a feed for more than 5,000 Hoosier rooters. Later in the week Scott May had 23 points and 17 rebounds as Indiana fattened up on Iowa 79–56, even if its fans did not.

A few hours before facing Auburn, Tennessee officials decided to bench their team's top scorer, Bernard King, pending an investigation of changes made in his high school transcript. Auburn, too, was minus its No. 1 point-getter, Eddie Johnson, who had a bum ankle. But Auburn got 14 points from both Dan Cox, who had scored just two points all season, and from Wayne Bracy, a freshman guard starting his first game. That was enough to shade the Volunteers 62–59. Later found blameless, King returned to action against Alabama. But he had an off night (14 points), and the Tide rolled 71–65. Alabama, which also bopped Vanderbilt 86–72, thus remained tied for the Southeastern Conference lead with Kentucky. LSU, a loser by 35 points at Lexington last month, fell 77–76 to the Wildcats at Baton Rouge. Glenn Hansen of LSU, who did not play against Kentucky the first time because he was ailing, almost made winners of the Tigers by scoring 28 points. In four games since recuperating from early-season miseries (influenza, a cracked rib, a bruised neck and a broken nose), Hansen has had 120 points. Later, Kentucky beat Georgia 75–61.

Michigan State bumped Notre Dame 76–73 despite 31 points by Adrian Dantley. Next time out Dantley was held to 10, but Don Williams (16) and Bill Paterno (14) found just enough cracks in South Carolina's zone to have Irish eyes smiling again with a 66–65 overtime victory.

"It was like a butcher shop out there at times," said Marquette Coach Al McGuire after a 69–63 win at Wisconsin. Bo Ellis of the Warriors, off form in the first half, put on a fine second-half performance. Ellis finished with 13 points and 15 rebounds and limited Dale Koehler, who had 38 points in his previous outing, to 14 points, just three in the second half. Marquette then beat Xavier 78–55.

"Gr. Valley St."—that's the way a Detroit opponent was listed in the *NCAA Guide*. One wag wondered, "Does Gr. stand for Great, Green, Greek, Group or Grass?" Well, it stands for Grand, the school is in Allendale, Mich. and the Lakers had a 15-5 record. Titan Coach Dick Vitale knew already: "They average 90 points a game, and we scouted them three times." Detroit went out and had a gr. time, winning 101–74.

Centenary, which earlier this season beat Dartmouth by 36 points and Texas by 25, rambled past Northwestern Louisiana 101–81 as Robert Parish collected 27 points and 21 rebounds. That made the Gents 18-3, with their three losses coming by a total of five points.

1. INDIANA (22-0) 2. KENTUCKY (17-2)

EAST A shot in the back gave North Carolina a shot in the arm. Center Mitch Kupchak was expected to be bedridden for two days after being injected with a steroid to relieve his aches, but he felt so well that he played the next day and had 16 points and 13 rebounds in a 79–72 win over stubborn South Florida. Kupchak added 41 more points as the Tar Heels disposed of Furman 86–81 and Georgia Tech 111–81. David Thompson amassed 105 points as North Carolina State eased past Clemson 92–89, Georgia Tech 101–66 and Furman 102–87. Maryland beat Virginia 86–79, Fordham 65–46 and Duke 104–80, becoming the first visiting team to go over the century mark in 35 years of basketball at Durham's Cameron Indoor Stadium.

Penn's Ron Haigler, who says he would rather teach high school English than play pro ball, made Ivy League foes wish he had taken his syntax elsewhere. Haigler scored 55 points as the Quakers zonked Cornell 83–64 and Columbia 113–69.

La Salle Coach Paul Westhead refers to Donn Wilber as Super Swooper. Others liken the 6'10" redhead to Bill Walton. By any name Wilber was imposing as he poured in 26 points in an 80–63 win over Drexel.

Boston College trailed by 10 points at Massachusetts where, with 8:23 to go, the lights went out. When power was restored BC spurted but was still left in the dark 80–71.

Lafayette (17-3), which already had surprise wins over Rutgers and Princeton, defeated Colgate 66–65 and Gettysburg 103–68.

1. MARYLAND (17-3) 2. N.C. STATE (16-3)

MIDWEST After playing 12 consecutive games, and 14 of 16 that were not settled until the final 30 seconds, Tulsa Coach Ken Hayes had a right to worry. Especially with Louisville coming to town. Said Hayes: "Ecstasy to agony. Roses to raspberries. You come up with theories, but they don't hold water." At long last, though, Hayes seemed to have come up with a watertight plan, for his Golden Hurricanes moved ahead of the Cardinals by 13 points early in the second half. Then Louisville put in a cascade of shots to pull to within one point with 1:30 left. Tulsa hung tough, however, and upset Louisville 82–77 with the aid of 26 points by Ken (Grasshopper) Smith. Louisville also struggled with Wichita State, but won 62–57.

Kansas beat Nebraska 72–44 and, with Rick Suttle coming off the bench to get 20 points and 15 rebounds, stopped Oklahoma 69–54. In that first game Nebraska Coach Joe Cipriano, enraged by a referee's call, felt he had a beef coming. What he got were three technicals for storming the floor, ripping off his jacket and berating the official. Two other Big Eight coaches stood tall—and were also given Ts because they did so in violation of the rule against rising while the clock is in motion. They were Ken Trickey of Iowa State and Joe Ramsey of Oklahoma in a game won by the Sooners 91–89. For the seventh game in a row Hercle (Poison) Ivy of the Cyclones had more than 30 points (32 this time), but the Sooners scratched back to win behind Alvan Adams' 30. Kansas State throttled Missouri 91–81 as Carl Gerlach hit nine of 10 field-goal tries and Mike Evans had 26 points. The Wildcats also beat Oklahoma State 87–74, Chuckie Williams getting 26 of his 32 points in the second half.

Arkansas tied Texas A&M for first place in the Southwest Conference, defeating the Aggies 95–89 in double overtime.

1. LOUISVILLE (16-2) 2. MEMPHIS ST. (16-4)

WEST Ten years ago last Saturday Wayne Estes scored 48 points as Utah State stopped Denver. Before that night ended, Estes had been tragically electrocuted. Thus, when Denver played at State again last Saturday, there were poignant memories of Estes, who still holds 18 Aggie records. With Rich Haws scoring 25 points, the Aggies won 87–81 for their 10th victory in a row.

1. UCLA (17-2) 2. ARIZONA STATE (17-2)

Shivering their timbers

Frostbite sailors, a steadily increasing tribe, take an occasional wintry bath, but they outrace the hibernators when summer arrives

On the first day of the year a little-known event was commemorated in the small New York commuter suburb of Port Washington on Long Island. The past commodores of the Frostbite Yacht Club gathered on the bracing morn after New Year's Eve to celebrate the anniversary of winter dinghy racing. Frostbiting was born on Manhasset Bay on Jan. 1, 1932, and since then some of the country's best sailors have tacked, jibed and, occasionally, taken an icy bath there and in a hundred other protected harbors and coves on the East Coast.

The brainchild of the old *New York Herald Tribune*'s Bill Taylor and a group of his cronies, as the story goes, the first day's racing was a lark, a journalistic invention that netted a two-column splash in the *Trib*'s sports pages. Taylor, who was on full-time duty at the yachting desk during the summer season, had received a winter transfer to the city desk, where he found landlubber news less than totally rewarding. Why not create a winter sailing story? Some of the finest sailors of the time competed in that first race, and so the sport was launched.

Arthur Knapp Jr., the world-famous sailor and author, was there on Day One, and this year, his 68th, he competed for the 40th time on Manhasset Bay in the Commodores' Trophy Race, placing fourth. "You know," he says, "it burns some guys up that they weren't there on the first day. Corny Shields, Jim Moore, Jack Sutphen—they came the next weekend, and after that it just seemed to catch on. It wasn't a lark anymore, it was serious competition."

That first year, George Colin Ratsey of the international sailmaking firm of Ratsey & Lapthorn won the event. Several different kinds of boats were used but they quickly evolved into a design that became the enduring vehicle of the aquatic polar sport. The plumb bows and high protective freeboards remain to this day, several evolutions later, to knife through the winter chop and protect skipper and crew from the freezing spray.

In 1946 the design expertise of Olin Stephens was brought to focus on frostbiting by Cornelius Shields, resulting in a dinghy called the Interclub. It had a length of 11′6″, a sail area of 72 square feet. About a hundred were built at that time and introduced across the Sound to Shields' Larchmont Yacht Club, where the Interclub has stood the test of time.

Shields has retired from active racing and Sutphen and Knapp are in semi-retirement, but the frostbite game has spread up and down the East Coast. Long Island, New Jersey, the Chesapeake and Marblehead rival Larchmont as centers of frostbite racing. The Penguin class, an internationally promoted dinghy designed by Phil Rhodes in 1939 for easy home construction (it, too, is 11′6″ long with 72 square feet of sail), has surpassed the Interclub and all other frostbite dinghies, with more than 10,000 built. Dyer dinghies (eight, nine and 10 feet), Blue Jays, Lasers, 420s, Flying Juniors, Larks, Lehman 10s and 12s—these are just a few of the classes in the frostbite sailor's world.

But if the wheel of the sport has grown, encompassing a band of northern latitudes below the solid-water iceboating of the frozen Far North and above climates where year-round sailing is possible, the hub continues to be the western end of Long Island Sound, where the Larchmont club is in command. And in the driver's seat at Larchmont is David Smalley, 39, the leader of a rising new generation of frostbite skippers.

Smalley, a Manhattan corporate lawyer who spends many weekends in Larchmont, won the club championship the last two years and leads 40 competitors again this season.

The tall and lanky skipper is a former national champion in the 420 class (a 14-foot sloop with a world population of more than 20,000). He has sailed an Interclub dinghy for 12 years.

"The cold? I don't get cold," he says. "I can't sail well with gloves on, and I don't wear boots anymore. It actually

continued



HELPING HANDS GO OUT TO THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF A CAPSIZED DINGHY



CHEVELLE.

Its standard V8 could save you $348 in maintenance and 801 gallons of gas.

If you're looking for some clear information about what you can get in a 1975 mid-size car, this ad is written for you.

Very simply, it will tell you a few of the reasons why, in a time when new car shoppers are making *extremely* careful compatisons, Chevelle remains America's favorite mid-size car.

Chevelle maintenance savings.

While maintenance costs vary across the country, we used current list prices for parts, $11 an hour for labor, and found this: If you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service, a '75 Chevelle standard V8 using unleaded gas with the new Chevrolet Efficiency System could save you $348 in 50,000 miles (about four years' average use) compared to its 1974 counterpatt using leaded gas.

Not only less expense. Less hassle.

Anyone who doesn't enjoy taking his car in for recommended service will enjoy this:

In '74, we recommended that Chevelle owners get an oil change and chassis lubrication every 4 months or 6000 miles. Now it's every 6 months or 7500 miles.

Last year, we recommended new spark plugs every 6000 miles. Now it's 22,500 miles.

Now your Chevelle oil filter can be changed less often. And now you don't even *need* points or ignition condenser. Ever.

Less expense, yes. But also less hassle.

801 fewer gallons of gas to go 50,000 miles.

It's true.

The Environmental Protection Agency ran Urban Driving Tests emphasizing stop-and-go city-type driving. We ran GM Proving Ground tests emphasizing suburban-type driving.

They show that a '75 Chevelle standard 350-2 V8 using unleaded fuel could use *801 fewer gallons of gas* to go 50,000 miles than a comparable '74 Chevelle using leaded fuel.

801 gallons. Think about the difference that could make the next time you check out local gas prices.

Room you can handle nicely.

Chevelle efficiency goes beyond lower maintenance and fuel costs. So, importantly, Chevelle also offers efficiency of *size*.

On the one hand, it's large enough to give you room for six people.

On the other hand, it remains neatly manageable; a mid-size car both easy to drive and easy to park.

A wide, sensible choice.

Chevelle, happily, is not one of a kind. You'll find many to choose from, including coupes, sedans and wagons.

Malibu Classic (shown above) is our most distinctive Chevelle. Laguna Type S-3 is our sportiest Chevelle. And our Malibu Six is America's lowest priced mid-size car—based on Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices.

Chevelle. America's favorite mid-size. For all kinds of good reasons.

See them at your Chevrolet dealer's now.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

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"Old Gold suits us just fine"
Classic
Old Gold
Flavor
OLD GOLD
FILTERS
KING SIZE
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OLD GOLD
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100s
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings, 18 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine 100's
21 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Oct '74 Box, 17 mg "tar", 1.2 mg.
av. per cigarette, method.
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doesn't get that cold out on the water. And you dress for it.

"Sailing challenges you in many ways, with lots of variables: what makes a boat go fast, the tactics and strategy, the athletic aspect. It's fresh air and exercise, too. You know, it's hard to get good exercise, and that's a nice byproduct of frostbiting."

What turns Smalley on about frostbiting is what turns him on about sailing. When winter weather comes and a cold northwesterly stabs off the Westchester shore in dark spreading surface patterns under an ice-blue sky, it is just another season in the sailing year.

The saying goes that there are two kinds of racing sailors: those who frostbite and those who don't. Where it exists, those who don't are generally not in the top ranks of summer sailing. Those who do find their summer talents sharpened by the multiple starts and short courses of the winter sport. Fanaticism, like practice, makes perfect.

But there are actually three classes of sailors: those who race only in summer, those who race summer and winter, and a growing new class—those who race only in winter. This last group is growing as the cost and time involved in successfully campaigning a boat during the summer increase.

In general the winter boats are smaller, cheaper and last longer, and the racing requires little or no travel and only one day a weekend at a nearby club. Clubs have offered invitational winter memberships for a fraction of the going annual dues. From October to May such a member can have full use of the club and its facilities while enjoying topflight competition and the valuable practice of frostbite sailing.

Come the thaw, Smalley doesn't sail at all. "What with the family, frostbiting is really the only competitive sailing that I can do," he says. "I would prefer to sail in the summer, but my wife Trix doesn't like to travel, and I don't blame her. Someday I'll go back to summer sailing, but I don't know what class of boat I would choose. I thoroughly enjoy frostbiting. Seven starts in something like two hours is great racing, and I like the competition."

Trix Smalley crews for her husband. She is petite, agile and willing. Together Trix and Dave just make the 300-pound-minimum crew weight. But like many wives and girl friends, Trix is not as enthusiastic as Dave about frostbiting. "Let's put it this way," she says. "I'd rather be out there with him than sitting at home. And at least they give us crews free cocoa—that proves we're colder. The skippers have to pay for it. If you go over, it's plenty cold. Not while you're in the water, which is often warmer than the air, but when they pull you out.

"I've only gone over once with Dave. My 'float-coat' kept me dry and mostly above water. He tipped over once with a girl he was courting before we got married. The boom caught on a shroud of another boat before the race and started pulling his boat over. He was facing the other boat, saw what was happening, and stepped into it. The girl swore he stepped on her shoulder as she went down with his boat."



THE FLEET IS HIGH AND RELATIVELY DRY AS CHAMPION SMALLEY (22) RUNS DOWNWIND

Many women crew—they are usually lighter than men, and thus do not overload their craft—but there are only a few women skippers. These are enthusiastic and good.

Frostbiting has fostered an explosion in collegiate sailing; it is an active sport today in more than 200 colleges and universities across North America. The college sailing season, from September to November and again from March to graduation time in May or June, adjoins the frostbite season and is very similar in style. Ten-to-14-foot boats are used, with a multiple-race format that is characteristic of winter sailing as opposed to the single-long-race style of the summer. Women have participated in collegiate sailing in most areas since it began, for sailing is one of the few sports in which there has been little discrimination. To attract still more women to collegiate racing, a women's league has been established.

One college sailor from the Northeast tells of a regatta he sailed in at Chicago at Thanksgiving time. His crew was a freshman from St. Petersburg who had never seen snow before. In the middle of the race it began to snow big wet flakes, and the young Floridian was jumping up and down in the 10-foot boat trying to catch the flakes in his mouth and shouting, "Snow, snow, snow!" Later that same day people on horseback came by the harbor. "Look at those crazy people riding horses in the snow!" the crew said.

Everything is relative, apparently. One man's hobby is another's insanity. Which is one reason frostbite racing is not a rapidly growing sport. It seems to keep pace with the population, slowly spreading to new areas, but there is little mass appeal. Who would want to get into something named for the horrible effects of overexposure? But for the people in it, it is like a narcotic; they look forward to it, have to have it, and sometimes are miserable taking it.

But they always come back for more. And when Arthur Knapp and Jim Moore get together next year in Port Washington to celebrate another anniversary of frostbite racing, it will be to answer a need—for fresh air and a sunlit sea and sailing competition. These do not vanish merely because the weather turns cold. **END**

DARTS / *Mark Donovan*

Eight feet away from glory

Dust off dreams and dart board and you, too, may be a champ

Somewhere in that basement of yours there is probably a dart board. Or maybe it's in the attic. Or playroom. Chances are you bought it for the kids. Maybe you tossed a dart yourself. But, after a while, it got to be a drag to keep aiming for the bull's-eye, and who could ever hit the darn thing, anyway? The board is probably still hanging there, a little dusty perhaps, with the telltale marks of errant darts visible on the wall.

Everyone has thrown a dart at some time or other, but how many of us have thrown a "serious" dart? And just what is serious? Bob McLeod, president of the prospering United States Dart Association, says, "A serious dart player is someone who knows the game." *Sounds* easy enough. But wait, he is not finished: "Someone who knows what you mean when you say 301, a ton, or three in a bed." If you answer a) Carl Yastrzemski's batting average in 1968, b) 2,000 pounds and c) a new porno movie, you are not at all serious about the game.

But, surprisingly, four million Americans know exactly what McLeod is talking about: a) a standard dart game, b) scoring 100 points on a turn and c) three darts that land in the same number. Serious darters in the U.S. have increased fivefold since 1970, and the case of McLeod himself is not atypical.

Now 39, he first picked up a dart six years ago. At the time he was the assistant to the president of a construction company. Nine months later he had quit his job, founded the USOA and started Darts Unlimited, importers of equipment from England. "I wasn't hooked right away," McLeod says, "but soon I was practicing a couple of hours a day and carrying a set of darts wherever I went." Even while watching television, he practiced, and he wore a hole in the living-room rug at the 8-foot mark.

Today McLeod devotes as many as 100 hours a week to his business and the USDA, but woefully few to his game, and it was he who got the darts flying at the recent U.S. Open in New York City. Twenty-six boards were set up for the 446 competitors in the Marc Ballroom, located 25 feet below scenic Union Square. The standard English "clock" board was used, a sisal target divided by thin wire spokes into 20 pie-shaped sections, with the bull's-eye (25 points) and double bull (50 points) at the hub. Ringing the board is the narrow "double" band, with the "treble" ring halfway to the center. The inventor of the clock board is unknown, but he was a clever fellow, to be sure, for if one misses the 20 by the merest fraction of an inch, one scores a lowly 1 or 5.

In the smoky ballroom, players in bowling-style shirts practiced alongside men in pinstripe suits. One competitor appeared in a ruffled dress shirt and black tie. Some answered to pungent names, like Oead-Eye Jack and Alibi Louie.

Everyone had his own distinctive style. Scottish-born John Allan, now the Atlanta champion, threw every set of three darts fluidly, in one continuous motion. Unlike other competitors, he kept his feet flat on the ground. Tommy Kerr of Kearny, N.J. flicked his out like Frisbees. And then there was Tex. Raymond Blackwood hasn't lived in Texas since World War II, but that's how it goes. His shirt had a map of the state emblazoned on the back with a dart aimed at Dallas. He wore a cowboy hat and string tie and had the loosest arm in the Marc, his delivery resembling that of a sidewinder slowly uncoiling in the sun. As much a showman as a dartsman, he threw over his shoulder and even kneeling. Two bull's-eyes out of three tosses while on your knees isn't bad.

And somewhere in the multitude that downed 4,440 bottles of beer in two days was Conrad Daniels, the 33-year-old general manager of a home improvement company in New Jersey. Daniels had never played in the Open before. And at first nobody paid much attention to him, though he was going unbeaten.

On the second day, with the singles competition whittled down to 32, the atmosphere was more intense. At stake was $12,000, the largest purse ever for a darts tournament. Paris Webb, a pretty 19-year-old Greenwich Village bartender who throws darts up to seven hours a day, had made it through the first session without losing a game—the first woman ever to gain the final 32 in the Open. But now Paris was up against Nick Virachkul, generally considered the best player in New York. Once a javelin thrower in Thailand, Virachkul took up darts when, like Paris, he found a job tending bar in Manhattan. He started practicing four or five hours a day. Virachkul beat Paris easily, but she said, "I still made darting history."

As soon as a Virachkul match was announced a crowd would form five- and six-deep behind him. On Virachkul's velvet vest were the scripted words ROBIN HOODS, the name of his team in the New York league. Cigarette in hand, he would lean over the line and pick out the difficult treble 20 with unerring accuracy.

The smart dart money was riding on the javelin arm when Virachkul met Daniels, the home-improvement man from New Jersey, in the finals. The match was to be two out of three games of 501, each player starting with 501 points and working his way down toward zero. The winner would have to finish with a double,



DANIELS SHOT TO FAME IN THE OPEN

i.e., with 32 points to go, a double 16 would be necessary. A miss, leaving, say, 24, would require the double 12. And so forth. Arithmetic is almost as important as darting skill in this game.

McLeod manned the electric scoreboard, a giant facsimile of the target with lights to indicate where the darts had landed. Daniels won the toss and elected to go first.

On his fourth turn Daniels fired a 180—like striking out the side on nine pitches—to move ahead. Two turns later, needing 80 to go out, he calmly shot a treble 16, double 16 to take the game. The crowd murmured in appreciation.

Virachkul strode up to the line confidently, the ever-present cigarette smoldering in his left hand. When he went out from 96 (20, treble 20, double 8) the crowd whooped. This was more like it.

Daniels waited for the noise to die down and fired a ton to start the final game. Virachkul countered with a 180 which had his fellow Robin Hoods patting their wallets. Undaunted, Daniels continued to throw good darts; Virachkul was slightly off the mark. "He looks better missing than most people do throwing 180s," commented McLeod. Daniels was close to a triumph—down to just 4—with Virachkul still alive at 56. As Virachkul's last chance at the double 10 slipped off the mark, the audience groaned. "Tough dart!"

Daniels stood on the side of the stage and sipped a Scotch, not his first of the day. No hurry. "Come on!" said someone. "Throw those darts!" And he did. Double 2. Game shot.

Daniels collected a silver cup, $1,200 and an all-expenses-paid trip to England, where on May 10 he will compete for the world championship, an event that has drawn 17,000 spectators. Daniels reflected on his introduction to darts: "I got hustled for $65 the first time. I never forgot that. The next time I played that guy I took him for $1,400. Now I only play for money or in tournaments."

Does he practice four or five hours daily like the others? "Naw, maybe 30 minutes. The important thing to me is my wife and kids; that comes way before darts." Spoken like a true hustler.

Meanwhile, Virachkul was receiving condolences. "I love sports," he said. "I want to be a champion at something and felt darts was my best bet."

And so it might be for you. Whisk away those cobwebs. **END**

You've earned your stripe



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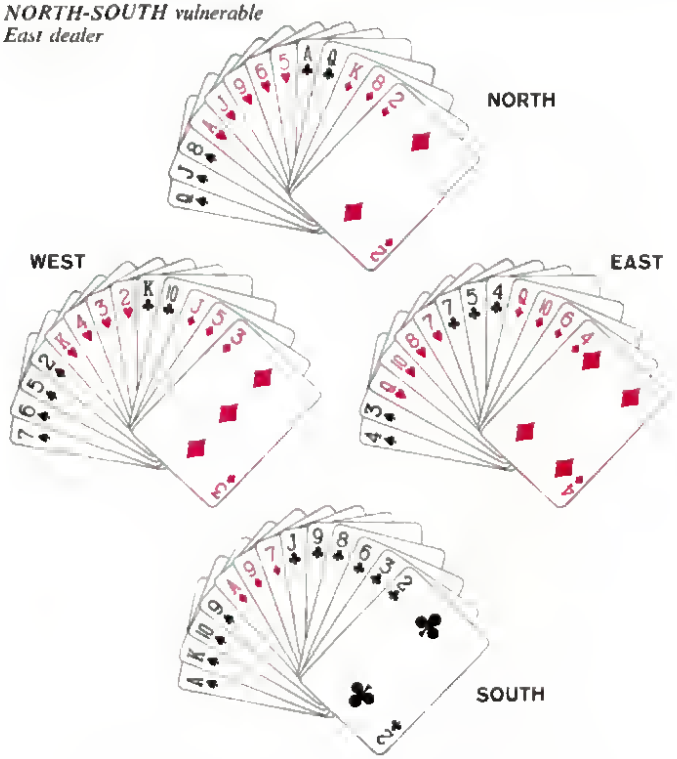
The short life of the king of clubs

The author, a member of the U.S. team in Bermuda two weeks ago, held the card that should have made him a world champion, but one look at the dummy told him the king was destined for execution

The world championship in Bermuda two weeks ago was my second. I had played in Rio de Janeiro in 1969, when we finished third, the first time in history the U.S. had not been first or second. That's the story of my life.

But after six days of preliminaries in Bermuda, we were close to victory. We had managed to defeat the French in the semifinals, and in the finals had built a surprising halftime lead of 73 International Match Points against the perennial champions, the Italians. That is like leading the Pittsburgh Steelers 21–0. With only 48 hands left to be played, in segments of 16 each, spirits were soaring. We had a good team, and even though the Italians were capable of playing superb bridge, it would be quite difficult for us to blow this one if we didn't go completely to pot. Could it be? Was I really going to be a world champion?

NORTH-SOUTH vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
(Eisenberg)	(Belladonna)	(Kantar)	(Garozzo)
PASS	2♣	PASS	2♦
PASS	2♠	PASS	3♥
PASS	3NT	PASS	4♣
PASS	4♦	PASS	4NT
PASS	5♦	PASS	5♥
DBL.	REDBL.	PASS	5♠
PASS	5NT	PASS	7♣
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 2 of hearts

I had been playing bridge regularly since I learned the game from my best friend's father at the age of 12—30 years ago. Seldom does a day pass that I don't either teach a bridge class, write a bridge column or a bridge article, read about the game, think about the game, dream about the game, bid hands with my partner, deal out hands, or simply play. Was I—that good-for-nothing cardplayer, gambler, bum—finally going to make my worried relatives proud?

So we played 16 hands and dropped 27 of our precious 73-IMP lead, but we went to bed with 46 IMPs still tucked under our pillows. That's a lot. Then 16 more boards the following afternoon and 22 more IMPs disappeared, leaving us 24 IMPs ahead with 16 hands remaining. The Italians had started to play extremely well, better than at any other time during the tournament. Luck, which had been ours, switched sides. Nobody on our team could do anything right.

As I sat down for the last 16 boards I began to reflect upon my errors earlier in the match. I had managed to go down in a vulnerable four spades that I should have made. That blew 17 IMPs. On another hand I thought my partner, Billy Eisenberg, had raised my opening one-club bid to two clubs over an adverse one-diamond overcall, so I had cleverly leaped to five clubs to shut out the opponents' spade fit.

They doubled and set me three tricks when it turned out my right-hand opponent and not Billy had bid the two clubs. Not only that, but Billy had six spades, so they had no makeable game. Our other pair, in the meantime, holding the adverse cards, wound up playing three no trump, down three. And finally there was my brilliant underlead of the ace-king of hearts over to Billy's queen to get a club ruff. Only Billy didn't have the queen, he had the nine. Expletives resounded.

Our opponents for those last 16 boards on vu-graph (where everyone can witness

continued

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your atrocities) were those giants of the game, Benito Garozzo and Giorgio Belladonna. This was probably the first time they had ever been down this much going into the last few boards and it didn't amuse them.

Even though Billy and I (especially Billy) were now doing rather well, we felt they had the edge on us—but not 24 IMPs worth. And then it happened: Board 92 (*see page 54*), a hand that looked as if it might change my life.

After Billy passed, Belladonna opened two clubs, which in the Italians' super-precision system showed a long club suit, fewer than 17 high-card points and possibly an outside four-card suit. Garozzo responded two diamonds, a relay, asking for more information, and Belladonna duly bid two spades to show his four-card suit. Garozzo now tried a natural bid of three hearts and Belladonna retreated to three no trump.

Garozzo was far from through; in fact, he was just beginning. He showed his club support by bidding four clubs and Belladonna cue-bid four diamonds, showing either first- or second-round diamond control.

Garozzo made a waiting bid of four no trump (Blackwood is for peasants) and Belladonna confirmed first-round diamond control by bidding five diamonds. Garozzo tried another cue bid of five hearts. Billy, who had seen some of my opening leads, doubled to help me out, and Belladonna seized the opportunity to show first-round heart control by redoubling.

Garozzo bid five spades, a bid whose meaning is not 100% clear to me, and Belladonna bid five no trump, another mystery. Whatever it meant, Garozzo leaped to seven clubs. Everyone passed in exhaustion.

Seven clubs! I could hardly believe my ears. Here I was defending a vulnerable grand slam with the king-10 of trumps tucked away safely in back of the original club bidder. God is not an Italian after all. They were certain to go down one. I was going to be a world champion. What a day. I could hardly wait to get home to tell everybody. I would hold court . . . I would. . . .

I led a heart and then I saw it in the dummy . . . the ace-queen doubleton of clubs! Could this really be happening to me? Why me? Why couldn't the ace of trumps be where it should have been? Why couldn't they have dealt Billy the

king of clubs? Or why couldn't I have been dealt just one more little club? Just one . . . a very little one. Why, why?

Wait. Maybe I did have one. I searched frantically through my spades. The whole scene reminded me of a story I tell my classes. A little old lady, Alice, is playing with a pro, Morris, and she shows out on the second round of hearts, even though Morris knows from the bidding she must have another heart somewhere.

"No hearts, Alice?" he asks. "No hearts, Morris," she replies. "Look in with your diamonds, Alice." "Morris, I have no hearts in with my diamonds." "One more time, please, Alice." "No hearts, Morris." On the last trick Alice rather sheepishly produces a heart. Morris repeats, "I told you to look in with your diamonds." "I'm sorry, Morris, it was in with my clubs."

All right, Morris, I'll look through my hearts and my diamonds, I said to myself. (Later at the "victory banquet" I admitted to my teammates that I had searched despairingly through my hand for just one tiny little club, admitting that I would have killed myself if I actually had one and didn't know it. "You wouldn't have had to," said another of the U.S. players, Bob Hamman.)

Meanwhile, upon first viewing dummy, Belladonna thought the big problem was his. He knew he needed to find me with precisely the doubleton king of clubs or possibly the singleton king, in which case an unlikely trump coup was at least feasible. Roughly a 13% chance. He could see the world championship flying out the window. But I knew better; I could see myself flying home with the runner-up trophy.

He ruffed my low heart lead and led a club to the queen, shaking his head. Next he cashed the ace of clubs, and when my king dropped two huge sighs filled the room. One from Belladonna, the other from Billy. We both knew it was all over after that, and so it was.

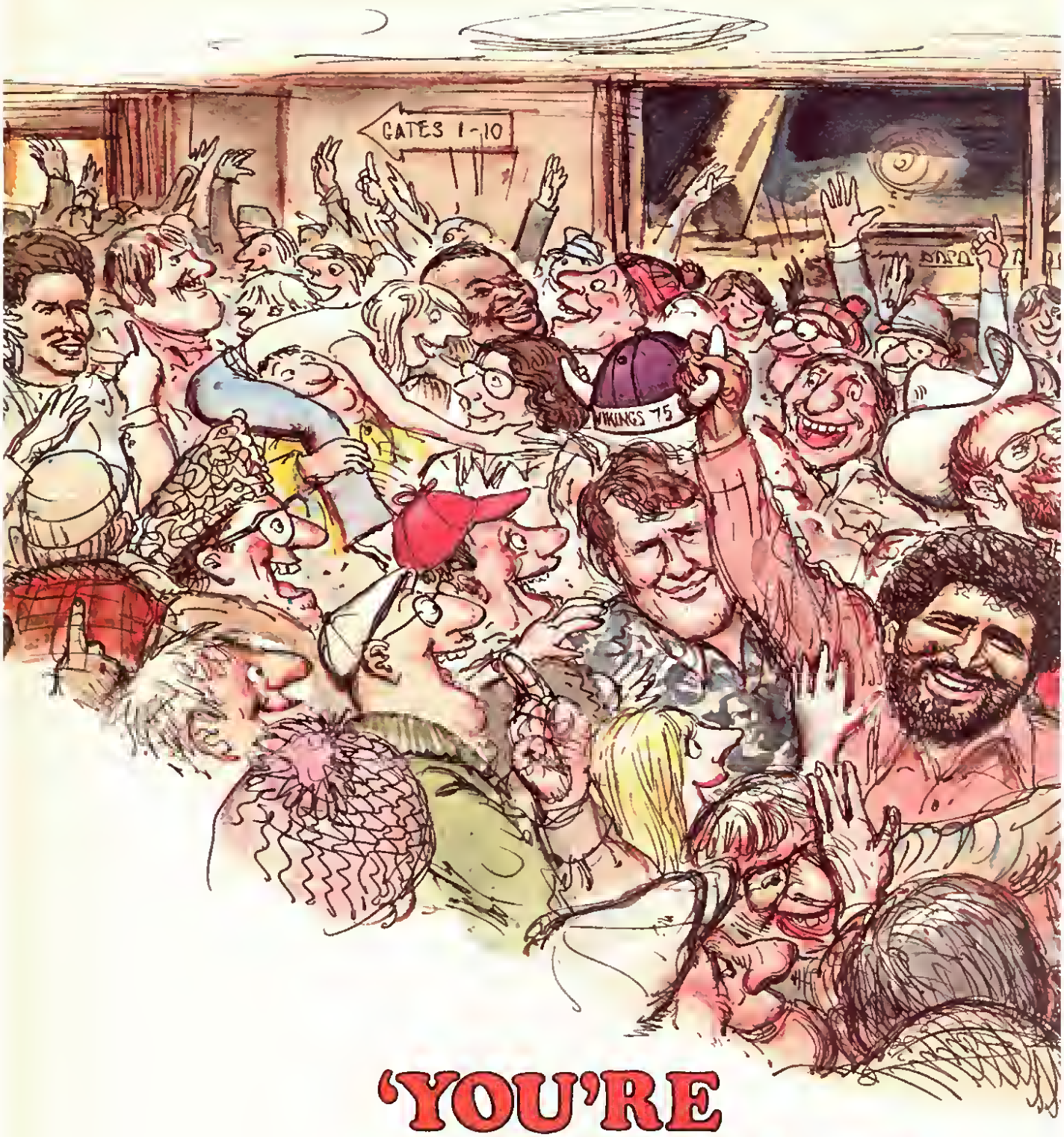
The last few hands were relatively flat (no swings), and Italy went on to defeat us by 26 IMPs. Had the grand slam been defeated we would have won the match by 3 IMPs. In the closed room, our other pair, Hamman and Bob Wolff, had bid to six no trump, played by North, making seven with a club lead. Admittedly six clubs is the best contract, but six no trump is a far better contract than seven clubs, particularly after North had bid hearts initially, thus inhibiting that most damaging lead.

As soon as the last hand was finished, we were told that Italy had won. The door to the room burst open and a hundred thousand Italians surged in to hug and congratulate the winners.

Billy and I trudged back to our team's rest and recovery room to compare scores and suffer with Hamman-Wolff and Paul Soloway and John Swanson, our other teammates, who must have watched the last 16 boards in horror.

After the comparison there was a long silence. Finally it was broken by Hamman. "This calls for a human sacrifice," he said. I flipped the king of clubs out the terrace window. **END**





'YOU'RE A PART OF ALL THIS'



The writer of on intimate book on the Steelers rejoins his old friends in their moment of triumph and is swept up in the exhilorotion of victory **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

CONTINUED

I backed off, took a little run and butted Mean Joe Greene right in the numbers. Really. I had sneaked down onto the Steelers' sideline during the last two minutes of their Super Bowl victory, which I felt a part of. On a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED assignment I had spent the whole 1973 season hanging around with the Steelers, on the sidelines and in a lot of other places, to write a book called *About Three Bricks Shy of a Load . . . The Year the Pittsburgh Steelers Were Super but Missed the Bowl.* Now, with the clock ticking down, the Steelers were about to consign my title to ancient history. I had more or less taken the position in my book that being humane, or something, was better than winning. Now that my friends had the Bowl all but sewed up, I could see that ultimate victory did have a certain charm, and I was doing my best to join aptly in the exultation. From up in the stands it may look easy, the exultation. But I was burdened by a little red-and-blue bag I had been given in the auxiliary press box. Inside the bag were wadded-up mimeographed play-by-plays and the remains of my press lunch: strange sandwiches called "muffelettes" and some other things, chicken fingers, I think. It is complicated to tote muffelette scraps and embrace Ernie (Arrowhead) Holmes at the same time.

Holmes is the only person I know who is 6′ 3″, weighs 260, has a big gold tooth and wears his hair shaved off except for what forms the head of an arrow pointed at you. Later that night at the Steeler party I was reminded of how unsettling Holmes looks when I said to two different people, "That's Ernie Holmes over there, you want to meet him?" and each of them said, "Oh my God." Two years before the Super Bowl, in a serious emotional crisis, he had shot at a policeman in a helicopter. During the Super Bowl he was largely responsible for reducing the Vikings' offensive line to quivering jelly. Two weeks before the Super Bowl he had been telling me to "get away" in an ominous tone. Now, I just shut the muffelettes, and to some extent the jelly, out of my mind and grabbed Holmes and bounced around with him. And beat on L. C. Greenwood, who off the field wears a gold medallion given him by a lady, which has "TFTEISYF" on it, which stands for "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face." And did the grip with Mel Blount—under whose picture in the local paper my name had appeared once that week—and tried to outglow Dwight White and yelled, "Moon! Moon! Moon!" at Moon Mullins and slapped the shoulder pads of Andy Russell, who slapped my shoulders (another problem: no pads) and cried, "You're a part of all this!" I guess I would have felt better if I had been celebrating the signing of an eternal amity pact among all the nations of the world, but I don't know.

Greene and Terry Bradshaw hugged each other. During these last minutes Bradshaw and his quarterback rivals Terry Hanratty and Joe Gilliam and their hard coach Chuck Noll and six cameras all had their noses or lenses within inches of each other, figuring the next play or recording the figuring, and they were all grinning, even the cameras. Greene and Holmes bent way over from the waist and bumped their heads together triumphantly.

The Steelers had the game wrapped up, and I wasn't feeling objective at all. The final gun went off and we all roiled around like an invading army that had just started to whoop after taking a castle, and Greene and Franco Harris picked Noll up on their shoulders and—behold, the winning smile on Noll's face. I had never seen Noll's mouth so wide open. It was as though the Dragon Lady had gone all soft around the eyes and said, "Oh, baby." Glorying, I headed off the field with the players and got nearly crushed between Greene and the Vikings' Carl Eller, who were being crowded by yelping, snatching fans, but who said to each other, emotionally, respectfully, something profound, which in retrospect I believe was "Good game." I looked for Ray Mansfield, the Steelers' newly famous center, so I could pound on him, but I didn't see him until afterward in the press interview tent, which looked alarmingly like a sideshow—Steelers in blood-spotted white-and-gold suits, standing on platforms above milling, curious reporters. "How does it feel?" "What do you weigh?" Right after the gun, Mansfield told me later, he had been busy retrieving the ball, which was lying on the field unnoticed. "Players were running right past it. Even fans," he said. "All of us had been fighting for it so long, and now it was just lying there. It looked kind of sad." He gave it to Russell, who presented it to Art Rooney, who had been wanting it for 42 years.

Up in the stands Julie Marks, 12, a friend of mine who had never seen a football game before but had been yelling "Deee-fense!" at the top of her lungs, also noticed the ball lying free and then Mansfield carrying it away. "Do you think," she asked her mother, "they would give it to me?"

Everybody wants to get into the act. I was into it because of my book, copies of which had reached the players at about the time—early this past December—when the team, which had been on-again, off-again, suddenly became a juggernaut. I feel that some, if not most, of the credit for this transformation should go to the players and the coaches, and perhaps to Radio Rich, who has 34 radios in his room at the Pittsburgh Y and has been hanging around the Steelers longer than I have, but on the afternoon before the Super Bowl, Greene did offer an unsolicited testimonial. I had brought Reggie Jackson of the Oakland A's into a small room-shaking festivity involving Greene, Holmes and Dwight (Mad Dog) White, who had a viral infection. "This guy's book had something to do with us being here," Greene told Jackson. "He raised some bleep that he dug."

I don't know what specific bleep I could pinpoint as helpful, but the great thing was that I had been acknowledged as . . . a factor. Me, a factor. Like the wind and the turf and the cartilage in the running backs' knees. Like all the other press during the week leading up to Super Bowl IX, I had often felt the urge to mutter "IX, SCHMIX," or when some player or coach said, "It's only another game," to rise up and shout, "It certainly is!" But when you see yourself as a factor, your attitude changes.

PROFESSOR STUDIES SUPER BOWL, SAYS HAS MYTH QUALITY read the headline in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* on Thursday morning before the game. Andy Russell was reading the story aloud at breakfast. "Sociologically speaking," said the lead, "the Super Bowl is a 'propaganda vehicle' which strengthens the American social structure."

"I can't stand that stuff!" Greene shouted.

"More than a game, it is a spectacle of mythical proportions which becomes a 'ritualized mass activity,' says Michael R. Real, assistant professor of communications at the University of California at. . . ."

"——" Greene cried. He seized the paper and tore it to shreds. "I'd like to run into that guy," he said of Michael R. Real.

The Steelers have a number of stars and leaders of various kinds, but Greene is their sun. The main strength of the team is the defense, of the defense the front four, of the front four, Greene. There may well never have been a lineman at once so smart, strong, fiery and, especially, quick as Greene when he is inspired. People who watched the films of the Steelers' playoff victory over Oakland said that on one play Greene began his rush a millisecond after the snap and hit the quarterback half a millisecond after the ball did (he was penalized for being offside and thought himself that he must have been, but the films showed that he wasn't). And that he once went straight *through* Oakland Center Jim Otto, like a 275-pound chill through a man with no coat. They kept slowing down and stopping the film to see exactly how he went through Otto—between the two T's, maybe, or headfirst through one of the O's. They could never figure it out. One moment Greene and Otto were head to head, and then they formed a blur together, and then Otto was more or less where he had been, only lying down (and perhaps spelled "Toot"), and Greene was entangled with the Oakland backfield in a pile. The only lineman to compare Greene with, says Steeler Defensive Line Coach George Perles, is the great end, retired, of the Colts, Gino Marchetti. "Alan Page," said Perles, when the distinguished Viking tackle was mentioned. "Joe could whip Alan Page and stand on him."

Throughout their closing surge this season, as they blew New England, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Oakland and Minnesota off the field, the Steelers relied more and more heavily upon a unique Stunt 4-3 defense, designed by Perles around Greene. Greene and the intimidating Holmes would smash a hole in the middle of the line; the nimble White and Greenwood would pinch in from the sides; All-Pro Linebackers Russell and Jack Ham would stick to the short-passing targets (Minnesota's Fran Tarkenton said they did it "maybe as well as anybody in history"); and everybody in the secondary meanwhile was 1) liable to break a receiver's back and 2) drooling for interceptions. That was basically the defense last year, too, when the Steelers failed, but toward the end of this season it eschewed fancy variations and revolved around Greene, and nobody did anything against it, except Oakland's estimable Ken Stabler with his long passes that were not enough. The Steeler defense was a guerrilla operation, featuring vicious, opportunistic hitting, hell-for-leather pursuit and the repeated generation of loose balls—balls bounding free, popping up, squirting out and rolling around. The game ball Mansfield picked up was probably not much more baffled, lying there, than it had been all afternoon. My favorite turnover of the day was when Minnesota's Chuck Foreman ran into the middle of the line at the Steelers' five. He fumbled in the midst of a huge seething pileup, and Greene, standing beside the tangle, appeared to reach into it and slap the ball up into his arms like a bear scooping a fish out of a stream. What actually happened, said Holmes, was "I hit Foreman. . . ."

"What did you hit him with?" I asked.

"Stuck my head in there," he said sort of modestly. "And the ball got loose and squirted back through Ticklehoff's legs"—Holmes called Viking Center Mick Tingelhoff "Ticklehoff," not meaning any offense, I think—"and Joe picked it up." It was almost as though the Vikings had snapped it to Greene, which seemed appropriate.

There were other factors in the Steelers' improvement this year. Competition among the three quarterbacks produced a much steadier Bradshaw. "He got rattled a couple of times in the huddle," said Rocky Bleier after the Oakland game, "but now we're not getting uptight about it. We settle him down and he comes through." Last year Bradshaw threw key interceptions that deflated the team. This year, after winning the job back, he kept coming up with spirit-lifting third-down completions. That is the difference, or difference enough, between a dumb quarterback and a smart one. I had quoted a Steeler saying last year, "You want your quarterback to be tricky, wily, like Bugs Bunny, or Daffy Duck. Bradshaw's too much like Elmer Fudd." When that came out, Bradshaw called his attorney and asked, "Who is Elmer Food?" But knowing how to pronounce Fudd is not essential. Johnny Unitas last year said, "All I know about sentiment is it comes between '——' and 'syphilis' in the dictionary," which wasn't true, and when I asked Fran Tarkenton before the Super Bowl about peripheral vision, he said, "Periphial vision is bull." Which is also, Tarkenton's pronunciation aside, untrue. Hanratty is the Bugs Bunniest of the Steelers' three quarterbacks, and Gilliam is the most exciting, the one you'd go for if you were building your team around the quarterback. (And he is the one some other team is likely to go for soon—he is too restless to be your ideal No. 2 man, and he has told teammates that he asked Vice-President Dan Rooney for "one point five over five," which is to say a five-year, $1.5 million contract, and got his feelings hurt when Dan

continued

Greene went through Otto like a chill, between the T's, maybe, or through one of the O's.



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seemed amused.) But the Steelers believe in Bradshaw now, hence Greene's hug.

Also this year Harris ran hard again, suppressing his leg pains and ceasing to "dance." Wounded vet Bleier became the solid, good-blocking halfback needed to complement Franco. The offensive line improved. Tackle Gordy Gravelle "arrived." Jim Clack switched from center to guard, and he and Mullins pulled vigorously ahead of the 230-pound Harris. The new offensive line coach, Dan (Bad Rad) Radakovich, was regarded with no warmth by his charges, who were fond of his predecessor, Bob Fry, whom Noll fired. Radakovich told Mansfield after the Oakland game, "Good work, Ranger, but remember, I've got the young guy [rookie Mike Webster] waiting in the wings." But Radakovich drilled them exhaustingly in new techniques that opened big holes for Harris and allowed the quarterbacks to be sacked only 21 times in 17 games. Rookie Receivers Lynn Swann and John Stallworth added dash to the offense, and Jack Lambert, another rookie, mastered middle linebacking in one year. Bleier talked Russell into lifting weights, and Russell for the first time in his career went uninjured. Russell talked Bleier *out* of lifting weights late in the season, and Bleier was less tired toward the end.

Usually it is only after you see how the season ends up that you can figure out what the factors were, or which ones were good. For instance, it now appears that having your reserve quarterback's wife shot at in the off-season could be a good omen. That happened to Rosemary Hanratty (by accident, since it was someone else the man was angry with). But a more reliable indicator of the Steelers' fortunes is Joe Greene's behavior each year during and after the second Houston game.

In '72, when half the team was hurt or sick for that game, Greene rose up and beat the Oilers almost singlehandedly, sacking the quarterback five times. The Steelers went on to win their first division championship. In '73 Greene was so disgusted with the Steelers' lack of spark against Houston that he took himself out of the game, an action many of his teammates resented. The Steelers fizzled badly in the playoffs. In '74 the Steelers lost the second Oiler game, 13–10, on Dec. 1, which looked bad. "After that we just about packed it in," says Art Rooney Jr. "We were getting ready for next season. People were saying, 'That Paul Brown, he's a genius. Doesn't have half the talent Noll does and he still wins.' " But Greene was saying something different, and Noll was on top of things.

Greene has been heard to complain that Noll is not emotional enough. A good deal of the time Noll is what you would have to call grim. Early this season, not long after the players' strike was settled, Safety Mike Wagner was walking through the Steeler offices with a check for something like $4.17 that he had been issued because earlier he had been slightly underpaid during the exhibition season. "Look here, Coach," he said lightly to Noll. "This is all they paid me."

"If you're just in the game for money," Noll said stiffly, "you'd better get out of it." Once, during the Steelers' dark losing days, Cornerback Lee Calland came into the dressing room at halftime weeping. He rose tearfully, dramatically, and began making a heart-rending appeal for a better second-half effort. "Shut up, Lee," said Noll, and Calland sat down and Noll fell to diagramming plays on the blackboard.

So Noll didn't feel called upon to whip up his troops after the Houston game this season. Greene did. He went to certain members of the offense and told them bluntly that they had better shape up. He said if the Steelers didn't make the Super Bowl he was going to quit them.

"If you do," Russell told him semijocularly later, "you better not come back and play against us, because we'll kick your tail." But Greene had established *his* own intensity, at least, for the rest of the year. He is a proud, emotional player, who demands that his context be worthy of and responsive to his fiercest and most acrobatic efforts.

A week or so after that came copies of my book, which raised the stuff Greene approved of, and as the Steelers were picking up steam and moving toward the playoff game with Oakland, Noll tossed in a little provocation of his own. He came into a team meeting with his lips compressed even more tightly than they usually are when his back is up. Before Oakland's first-round game with Miami, Raider Coach John Madden had said of the Raiders and the Dolphins, "When the two best teams in football get together, anything can happen."

"I'll tell you what *anything* is," Noll told the Steelers. "*Anything* is that Oakland isn't getting into the Super Bowl." The room was charged. Greene jumped up and began waving his fists and yelling. The fat was in the fire.

The Steelers soundly whipped Oakland. They felt better about that than they did about beating Minnesota *in* the big one. The year before, in the first playoff round, Oakland had made them look bad. "I never thought I'd see a team of yours embarrassed like that," Art Rooney Jr. told Noll in the Steelers' first draft meeting after that game. Although Noll's instinct for talent and Artie's scouting operation have, by means of the draft, built the Steelers' material up from almost nothing to a young abundance—three Rookies of the Year in six seasons—the partnership has been abrasive, and those words must have galled Noll. He had been tense then, goading people the week before that '73 loss. He was loose this time, before the '74 win, the win that got them into the Super Bowl. He even cracked jokes about the locker-room horseplay in which Kicker Roy Gerela gashed Lambert's ear with a tossed Coke can. The Steelers went into the game happy and came out happier. When I went into the cramped visitors' dressing room at the Oakland Coliseum after the 24–13 win—into the room where the Steelers' season had ended in defeat the year before—Stallworth yelled, "No more bricks!" and we slapped hands, and White said, "Now you got to write: *A Full Load.*" "*A Load and a Half,*" said Gilliam.

I sat down next to Holmes expecting a friendly talk, and he said, in a suppressed furious growl, "What'd you put that stuff in your book for?"

Now if there is one person on the Steelers you don't want to have furious at you, it is Holmes. His given first and middle names are Earnest Lee, and that is the way he likes people and the way he beats on people. He does things earnestly enough to seem vulnerable as well as formidable, and I hated for him to think I had sold him short. Things had been very vague while I was with the Steelers the year before, as to what they were saying for publication and what they weren't. In general, it was up to me to decide. While I was with them they had tended to forget I was a writer because I was always drinking with them and eating chowder and playing liar's poker instead of taking notes. Several of them told me they assumed I would never actually

continued

write anything for that reason. I knew that what I had written had hurt the feelings of three or four players I liked, and that made me feel bad. But I hadn't expected Holmes to be one of those players. "*What* stuff?" I asked him.

"Said I had the mind of a 6-year-old child," he replied in a low tone that caused a tremor in the stool I was sitting on.

"Oh," I thought, "my God" What I had in fact done was quote Holmes as saying, one afternoon when we were drinking martinis and eating chowder, "I'm trying to get my mind right. I haven't wanted to talk to reporters much since the incident." He was referring to that time after the '72 season when he broke down under the pressure of personal problems and started shooting from his car at trucks and wound up in the woods firing, accurately, at a police helicopter flying overhead. "There isn't a moment," I had quoted him as adding, "from the time I go into the dressing room until the game is over that I'm not praying. People think I'm talking to myself, but I'm praying. With the mind of a child and the brains of a 60-year-old warrior."

That had struck me as such a poetic statement I felt he would be proud to have it repeated. Nobody with a small mind could have expressed such a thing. Now I felt as though I had quoted Wordsworth as saying, "*I wandered lonely as a cloud*," and he had chewed me out for accusing him of not having any friends.

"But *you* said that," I said. "And it was about your state of mind when you were praying. And it was a *great*. . . ."

"Get away," he said, and that's more or less what he said on the plane back to Pittsburgh whenever I tried again to explain. "Stay away from him," people said, but I didn't want to leave it at that.

Otherwise, it was a pleasant trip. "Last year on the plane back from Oakland," said Mansfield, "Ham kept asking me, 'When did you know you had it lost?' This time, it's like he's in a daze. I know he's in a daze because he says he doesn't want to play gin."

Ham was not too bedazzled to advise me that my title should have been *One Year Shy of a Book*. Tony Parisi the equipment man said, "I'm giving you an exclusive. I knew they were going to win this one. You know why? Because before we left for Oakland nobody asked me for a box."

"A box?"

"To ship their stuff home in. Last year before Oakland, a lot of guys asked for boxes."

White said on the P.A. phone, "Mr. Rooney has something to say in the jubilance of what we've done," and Art Rooney, the Chief, the Steelers' founder and owner forever, said something that nobody remembered.

"The first time my father brought Johnny Blood home," Art Jr. said later, "us kids expected him to jump up on the table and take off his clothes or something. But he was very polite, we had dinner, he talked about, you know, pertinent things of the day, and at 9:30 he and my father left. I can't tell you how disappointed I was. Here was this legendary guy, and that's all he did. And that's the way it's been with my father. He hasn't said anything much. Mainly, he's worried about making sure he gets a Super Bowl ticket for every policeman and fireman in Pittsburgh."

The Chief, however, doesn't have to say anything dramatic in order to be a powerful presence on a victory-over-the-Raiders flight home (though personally I would rather make a remember-the-terrible-old-days drive to the racetrack with him), and when we got into the airport there were 10,000 Pittsburghers waiting, at 1:15 a.m. Later, several of the Steelers said they were glad when they got out of that crowd. "I got more beat up by them than I did in the game," said Greenwood. "When I got in the car finally, I just sat there for a minute. People were banging on my windows: 'Open up, we're your fans!' I said, 'Yeah. . . .' "

But I loved it. I was congratulated by Frenchy Fuqua, who had been back in Pittsburgh with two broken wrists, and kissed by Ham's fiancée, Joanne Fell, who looks better than anybody else in the world; and for a distance of what must have been a mile, all the way from the gate down the long corridor and through the baggage area and way on out into the parking lot, I proceeded like a loaded blood cell along a narrow artery through hungry tissues of people, who were jammed into every inch of space on both sides of us, and they were all cheering. They were reaching out hands to shake. I shook them all. Girls sitting on friends' shoulders were bending down to kiss my head. People were yelling, "Great game!" at me, or "Great cigar!" (since I was smoking an Art Rooney stogie of great size). It was like heaven, everybody happy, everybody loving you. Holmes bared his chest and raised his arms in triumph, and the crowd thundered, "ARROWHEAD!" It went on and on, through the warm, bright airport out into the cold, dark lot, as though it were going to go on forever, through day and night and all the seasons, and one person toward the end even recognized me for what I was and (rather than snorting "You're no player") cried out, "Great book!"

I went away from Pittsburgh for a few days then, after the Oakland win, and dreamed two Ernie Holmes-related dreams. Once he was reaching to shake my hand, I guess, but then maybe not, and I was in some kind of craft—a team plane—a helicopter? The other time my head was shaved completely, no arrowhead even, and I looked silly, exposed.

I rejoined the team in Pittsburgh, then flew with them to New Orleans. During the 10 days leading up to the Final Reckoning I headed toward Holmes a couple of times but ran into someone else on the way. Then, on the day before the Bowl, I entered the room where Holmes, Greene, White and a bunch of marveling friends were drinking bourbon and Coke and beer and Mateus and dancing and rejoicing over the coming victory, and the first person I walked head-on into was Arrowhead, who said, "Hello, Arch enemy."

The Steelers were loose all during Super Week. They enjoyed the attention of the press. "Centers are totally overlooked people in this world," Mansfield told an interviewer grandly, "and things like the Super Bowl are good to bring the personalities of people like me out." After the first two nights, which were no-curfew nights—from which I retain an image of Mansfield standing for some reason on top of Russell's rental car—they faithfully returned to their rooms at the Fontainebleau by 11 p.m. But within the fold there was considerable shouting and running around in the halls and drinking and entertaining of guests. One of the diminutive "security men" posted in the players' hall was scandalized. "If the Vikings' coaches impose more discipline on them," he told a Steeler in a tone of deep concern, "you guys are going to be in trouble." Noll, unlike Minnesota's Bud Grant, permitted the Steelers' wives to

stay with them on Friday and Saturday nights, although he had never allowed cohabitation on the night before a game even at home during the regular season. "Yes, there will be a bed check," said Russell. "He wants to see our wives in their nighties." Kidding. Kidding.

And Holmes was loose when he called me archenemy. "I'm not your enemy," I said, "I'm a good man. And so are you." I suppose that sounds kind of silly. You had to be there. We shook hands, and then he took my picture. A good many of the Steelers have recently gotten enthusiastically into photography. In this party in a small room of the Fontainebleau, Holmes, White, Greene and several of the friends present all had cameras, and they were all taking pictures of each other. A wrestling match between an Oriental and a Latin was proceeding unattended on the TV set. Flashbulbs were popping. Rosé was flowing. Music was playing. "Of all the writers here, writing all those words all week," said Greene, whose shirttail was out, "nobody has reached it. Nobody has said what it means. We're *happy* to be here. We're feeling *good*." Holmes was dancing the Bump with a tiny self-possessed girl whom people called "Texas." "Get *down*, Texas," people yelled, and Holmes started bumping her hip with his head. Greene hurriedly focused his camera. "Shows what kind of a photographer I am," he said. "I missed it." Holmes started to bump with his head some more, for the picture, but Texas made some slight indication that she'd rather dance the Bump in a serious normal way, thank you. "I'm sorry," Holmes said politely.

White was there, with his viral infection. I had visited him in the hospital a couple of days before. He'd been lying there losing 18 pounds because he hurt too much to be hungry. In the rooms around him were old ladies with complicated wire-and-tape apparatus in their noses and mouths, lying there silent as Dwight. An old lady turned over in her bed and said, "Oh!" vexedly to no one. An old man was helped off the toilet and into a wheelchair by a nurse—"Now sit," she said. Dwight was morose; at least 75% certain, the doctors said, not to play. Now, in the motel on Super Eve, he was still sick, but out bouncing around anyway. The room seemed about to burst. White was saying, "Doc Huber sat down on the bed and put his arm around me and said, 'I know how you feel.' I was crying like a little punk. I said, 'Know how I *feel*? You don't know how I *feel*! I'm gonna be in there. I may fall out, but I'm gonna fall out *in* the Super Bowl.' They rolled aside the rock," he proclaimed with arms flung wide, "and I came walking out, *standing up*!"

"You're ready! You're ready! I can tell you're ready," Greene told me as Reggie Jackson and I left the party. Jackson is a good-sized person himself and usually at least as expansive as anybody in the room. "I have never seen people so *physical*," he said.

And as the world knows, they were physical on the field the next day. Before the game Glen (Knotty Pine) Edwards, the rough-as-a-good-hark-covered-stick free safety, sat in the dressing room and noticed that his teammates were unaccountably sitting around like zombies. That was the first time they had been subdued all week. "Where the hell am I, anyway?" he said, and everybody broke up. Pine, whom the Steelers elected as their most valuable player this season but who attracted widespread notice only when he hurled himself egregiously at the head of Cincinnati Quarterback Ken Anderson as Anderson went out of bounds on TV, was in the press interview room one day during Super Week and nobody was interviewing him. "Nobody wants to talk to a dude like me," Pine said. But in the Bowl itself he came up with one of the biggest plays, nailing Viking Receiver John Gilliam so viciously that an all-but-completed pass deep in Steeler territory bounced high out of Gilliam's arms and into Blount's. Edwards wasn't invited into the interview tent after the game either. In the dressing room he said he'd probably spend his championship money on a new house. He bought one last year, but he thought he'd get a different one. And he'd take a vacation. He didn't know where. He went to the Bahamas last year and didn't like them. Edwards once told somebody that when he went places in Dallas with Greene and White people made a big fuss over them, all of them, including him. When he went back home to Florida, however, people said, "Hey, Pine. Hey, Pine. You still up there?" "Hey, Pine. They cut you yet?"

In the victorious dressing room the Chief entertained a bunch of reporters by telling them that he never showed emotion at ball games. "Even in my betting days at the track, when I was betting a fortune, a guy standing beside me would never know it." Once during training camp last summer a teamster official at a party tried to introduce James Michener, the novelist, to the Chief. "Oh, he's with me," the Chief said. Michener was in town gathering material for a sports book. The Chief hadn't heard of him as a writer, but since Michener had once run for Congress in Bucks County, Pa., he knew of him as a politician, and they had come to the party together.

The teamster official was impressed. "Whoever you're with," he told the Chief, "it's always a top guy. If it's a politician, or a hood, or a union man, or a gambler, it's always a top one." Now the Chief was with the top football team, but he didn't look any more distinguished or any less rumpled than usual. I told him it had been an honor to be associated with him. I felt almost tearful in the back of my eyes. He looked embarrassed.

Everything seemed sort of washed out in the dressing room and in the interview tent, where Greene was saying mildly that his thoughts turned to the Vikings, in sympathy. There was something disconcerting about the Steelers becoming winners. The Rooney regime's charm always had something to do with rising above defeat. Now that the Steelers are kings of the mountain, would they stiffen up? When Tex Schramm of the Cowboys phoned the Chief a few days later and expressed hope that the two teams could do some friendly trading, the Chief reminded him of the kind of trades Schramm used to try to foist upon the old irregular Steelers. "One time they sent us a player with a broken arm," the Chief recalled fondly after hanging up. "I called up Schramm and said, 'We've got just two days till the season starts, and you send us a man with a broken arm!' 'Well,' Schramm said, 'He has an Irish name, doesn't he?' "

The Chief seemed happier over that story than he did over winning the Super Bowl. I wonder whether such stories will collect around the new Steelers. Kathy Kiely, college-sophomore daughter of the Steelers' public relations director, said on the plane back to Pittsburgh after the Super win, "This is the first and last hurrah."

The welcome-home parade in Pittsburgh the day after the Super Bowl wasn't as good as I expected either, not as good as the one after Oakland. The

continued



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Super reception was nice along the highway in from the airport, where people had been standing in the cold for four hours waiting a nicely dressed middle-aged lady standing alone waving her sweater, two kids hanging pothds together, a new fan club holding a sign identifying itself as "Bradshaw's Brains." But when we got into downtown Pittsburgh, people beat so hard on the top of the convertible I was in that their blows reached my head, and they leered unhingedly in through the car windows. It was unnerving. I hope nohody ever looks at me that way again

So I guess the climax of the Super Bowl for me was back there on the sidelines, jumping around like a fool, or maybe in the hus after the game when Holmes said. "I don't know. This thing has got me off into something that I don't hardly know how to express. It's just . . . too much. After the game I wanted to start slapping reporters."

I said maybe I'd better get on another bus, but he said no. He looked at his ring finger's middle knuckle, which was as big as a golf hall He was trying to decide where to wear his Super Bowl ring. "I think I'll put it behind the knob," he said.

Holmes' eyes looked glazed, he was so fulfilled "Them guards was in there *quiv-ering*," he said of the Vikings. "It was like they were little kids. Joe was down there saying, 'You bleeping faggots!' I think they were terrified."

Greene got on the bus. "How'm I look-in' *now*!" he cried.

White was regretting that his illness, despite which he had played almost the whole game, was going to keep him from partying that night. "That's half the Super Bowl," he said.

"No," said Greene. "No. This is it. This is all of it. Right here." I looked around the bus. I *felt* like I knew what he meant, but I'm not sure. Greene has a certain mystery about him. Tarkenton told Russell that a man from Greene's hometown told him Greene was 30 three years ago. He is listed as 28 now. At that little party the day before the game Greene said something about being 28, and White said, "On the books, anyway," and Greene grinned Can Joe Greene have hidden five years away somewhere? I don't know. I didn't ask. I didn't care. I wasn't feeling like a reporter. I had been sucked into the Super Bowl and I felt good We were all factors on that bus. Eat your heart out, Michael R. Real. END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 3-9

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: *The Boston Celtic express derailed at Philadelphia after 11 straight victories but tracked back with a 128–102 win over New York, which gave them a four-game lead in the Atlantic. The Knicks got a total of 24 points from Centers Neal Walk and John Gianelli in a win over Los Angeles. Chicago, commanding the Midwest beat Central leader Washington, Portland and Detroit by an average margin of 14 points to hold a two-game lead over the Pistons. Kansas City-Omaha walloped Pacific leader Golden State 127–101 but then had its five-game winning streak snapped by Cleveland. The Kings edged Milwaukee 95–94 and the Bucks belted New Orleans 119–98. The Jazz (page 20) got 47 points from Pete Maravich in a win over Atlanta, which had a 2-2 week. Phoenix (3-1) beat Seattle twice (SuperSonics Coach Bill Russell, meanwhile, said he would refuse induction into the Basketball Hall of Fame because of personal reasons.) Buffalo had a 1-1 week, and Randy Smith spoke of becoming a professional soccer player this summer. The Houston Rockets had a .500 week also and were 11 games back in the Central.*

ABA: San Antonio, spurred by George Gervin's 26 points and Rich Jones' 25, beat West leader Denver 101–96 and the next night beat the Nuggets again by five points for its sixth straight victory. Half a game separated front-runner New York from Kentucky in the East as each won four times. The Colonels beat Utah twice, but the Nets were unable to keep Moses Malone off the offensive boards and were defeated by the Stars 111–106 for their lone loss. George McGinnis, the league's leading scorer, was dormant for three quarters but awoke for 11 points in the final quarter as the Pacers won against ailing Virginia. St. Louis and San Diego were 0-4. The Memphis Sounds blasted Denver 120–103 and nipped the Squires 100–96.

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER fired a final-round 68 to win the Bob Hope Desert Classic at Palm Springs with a 339, earning $32,000.

HOCKEY—NHL: Phil Esposito, the league's leading scorer with 52 goals, slapped in four and added an assist in leading the Boston Bruins to an 8–5 victory over Detroit. It was the fourth four-goal game of Espo's 12-season career. But the Bruins were seven points behind Adams leader Buffalo, which won two, scoring 14 goals—and giving up but two, and tied one other game. The New York Rangers' Rod Gilbert also scored four goals but his team had to settle for a 5–5 tie with Detroit and a nine-point margin behind Patrick pacesetter Philadelphia, with which they split a pair. Montreal pulled ahead of Los Angeles in the Norris with three high-scoring victories over California, Detroit and the Rangers. Three points separated front-runner Vancouver and Chicago in the Smythe; the Canucks defeated the Black Hawks during the week. Kansas City fired 25 blanks at St. Louis, allowing Ed Johnston to post the 30th shutout of his career. The next night the Blues tied Toronto, which had beaten them four days earlier. Atlanta defeated Minnesota and L.A., while the New York Islanders handed the Washington Capitals their 27th straight road loss. Pittsburgh had a 3-0 week and Minnesota's only victory was a 5–0 zipping of the Flyers.

WHA: Baltimore's Blades made their home debut before more than 9,000 enthusiastic fans in the Civic Center, prompting Coach Johnny Wilson to say, "The emotion of the crowd created excessive palpitations of the heart." Unemotional Houston, honcho in the West, handed the Blades their eighth straight loss. Two defeats later the Blades snapped back with a 6–4 victory over the Aeros. Quebec, the Canadian leader, also beat Houston and added a pair of 4–3 victories over Cleveland and Phoenix. The Roadrunners romped past San Diego 9–2, but the Mariners got three goals and two assists from Wayne Rivers to swamp Toronto 8–4. New England had an overtime triumph over Winnipeg, which went winless for the week. Indianapolis also failed to win and Chicago beat Winnipeg for its lone victory of the week. Vancouver scored four goals in each of its three victories.

HORSE RACING—SNURB ($10.60), ridden by Gene St. Leon, and LONDON COMPANY ($7.20), Marco Castaneda up, were winners of the split Bougainvillea Handicap at Hialeah. Both horses raced the 1⅛-mile in 1.53⅘.

TROJAN BRONZE ($39.20), Bill Shoemaker riding, won the 1¼-mile San Marcos Handicap at Santa Anita in 1.59⅘.

SKIING—In the U.S. national cross-country championships at Putney, Vt., MARTHA ROCKWELL of West Lebanon, N.H. won the five-, 10- and 20-kilometers, TIM CALDWELL of Putney took the men's 30- and 50-kilometers, and BILL KOCH of Guilford, Vt. outraced the men's junior 10- and senior 15-kilometer field.

SOCCER—The NEW YORK COSMOS won the second North American Soccer League indoor tournament over Rochester, Hartford and Boston at War Memorial Coliseum in Rochester.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT earned $15,000 by beating Margaret Court 6–4, 3–6, 6–3 in the finals of the Virginia Slims of Akron tournament.

TRACK & FIELD—At the Philadelphia Track Classic MARTY LIQUORI ran the second-fastest indoor mile ever, 3:55.8, and high school junior ANGEL DOYLE equaled the world indoor record in the women's 60-yard dash: 6.5.

At the Los Angeles Times Indoor Games DWIGHT STONES equaled his world indoor high-jump record of 7'5¼" (*page 18*), JONI HUNTLEY set an American women's indoor high-jump record of 6'2¼" and FILBERT BAYI won the mile in 3:59.6.

Three new indoor records were established in the Mason-Dixon Games at Louisville. MIKE McFARLAND set a world record of 6.7 in the 70 yards, GLENN HEROLD an American record of 13.41 in the 5,000 meters and the UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN sprint medley relay team (Tim Rappe, Chuck Bolron, Tariq Mughal and Mark Sang) an American record with a 3:23.8 mile.

MILEPOSTS—FILED: A $2 million suit in U.S. Federal Court, by Nat Frazier, basketball coach at Morgan State, who was suspended by the college for a week after a run-in with an official during a game. Named as defendants were Morgan State's president, athletic director, athletic board and board of trustees.

NAMED: To the National Basketball Hall of Fame: BILL RUSSELL, University of San Francisco and Boston Celtics center, along with JOSEPH BRENNAN, who played with the Brooklyn Visitations, the New York Whirlwinds and the Union City (N.J.) Reds (1919-36), EMIL S. LISTON, Baker University All-Conference forward and, subsequently, coach for nearly 30 years, and ROBERT VANDIVIER, the only three-time Indiana high school All-Stater (1920-22).

NAMED: To the National Football Foundation's college Hall of Fame: Backs ALAN AMECHE (Wisconsin, 1951-54), PETER DAWKINS (Army, 1956-58), PAUL GIEL (Minnesota, 1951-53), FRANK GIFFORD (Southern California, 1949-51), Tackles DON COLEMAN (Michigan State, 1949-51), AVRELL DANIELL (Pittsburgh, 1934-36); Center CHET GLADCHUK (Boston College, 1938-40), Guard GUST ZARNAS (Ohio State, 1935-37).

PURCHASED: The Denver Racquets of World Team Tennis, by a group of Phoenix investors including baseball's Reggie Jackson. They plan to move the franchise to Phoenix for the 1975 season.

TRADED: BILLIE JEAN KING, from the WTT Philadelphia Freedoms to the New York Sets for cash and the rights to Stan Smith and Kerry Melville.

DIED: E. EVERETT GARRISON, 81, maker of the prized fly rods bearing his name, in North Tarrytown, N.Y.

CREDITS

12, 13—Neil Leifer. 14, 15—Heinz Kluetmeier; 16, 17—Graeme McKechnie. 26, 28—David Moore-Black Star; 45—Roy DeCarava. 46—Jerry Cebluck. 48, 51—Michael Brennan. 52—Wil Blanche. 67—Joe D'Adamo, Holiday Photo, Westrich Photography.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TERRY CARRICK, a Baltimore maintenance man, set a pair of duckpin world records with a three-game series of 596 and a six-game series of 1,013 in winning the Southern Open at Baltimore. He broke the old series records by 32 pins and 22 pins, respectively.



KATHLEEN ROCKENFIELD, a senior at Alhambra High in Phoenix who had twice suffered a collapsed lung, won the Arizona State High School badminton singles tournament after compiling an 18-0 regular-season record. She is also a majorette and honor student.



BILL WILKINSON, a golf professional in Warm Springs, Ore., shot rounds of golf matching his age on successive days. Playing a practice round on the Black Butte course, he carded a 74. The next day, his birthday, Wilkinson had a 75 on the same course.



JOE HASAY, a senior on the Northwest Area High basketball team at Shickshinny, Pa., missed his first two free throws of the season, then connected on a school-record 41 in a row. In 17 games Hasay converted 53 of 57 free throws and is the team's leading scorer.



BARBIE SMITH, a 15-year-old from Westminster, Calif., became the first woman to do two triple jumps in national competition as she finished fourth overall in the U.S. Figure Skating Championships in Oakland. She also finished second in free skating.



DON BODIMER, a St. Louis truck driver and numerologist's dream, won the Bass Caster's Association Falstaff Pro-Am tournament at Lake Shelbyville, Ill. Bodimer was contestant No. 300 and scored 300 points. He has also bowled four 300 games.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

INDIANA'S KNIGHT

Sir:

As a charter subscriber to SI and a red-hot Hoosier basketball fan, I was shocked at your hatchet job on this great team and coach (*Shining in the Shadow of Knight*, Feb 3). Granted, Bobby Knight may be controversial, unpredictable, demanding and rather free with his expletives, but he is also one bleeping good coach, a fact you never did get around to mentioning. How super it must make this fine group of dedicated, team-oriented athletes feel to be referred to as "faceless wonders." Any one of the starting seven would stand out individually on most of the country's best teams. They have been molded together by a superb coaching staff. I hope the time comes when you can depict the situation at Indiana as it really is. You don't miss the boat very often, but you sure did this time.

KARL W. GLANDER, D.D.S.

Indianapolis

Sir:

The article by that bleep Curry Kirkpatrick simply won't wash. The thing I wonder about is how he can represent Indiana players as being so level-headed, and rightly so, yet fail to realize they reflect Coach Knight's teaching and philosophy. For example, no Indiana player under Knight has ever been whistled for a technical. I am not going into Knight's virtues because you do not have the space to list them all. Someone owes an apology.

LOUIS S. COVER

Shelbyville, Ind.

Sir:

I think your article on Coach Bobby Knight and the Hoosiers was horrendous. Obviously, Knight's present record of 84-19 shows that his basketball teaching abilities far outweigh the temperament you dwelt on. You say that he doesn't like people, and yet his house is always filled with guests and former players. But then, with all of Indiana in love with him, who needs SI?

PATRICIA ERTEL

North Vernon, Ind.

Sir:

Nobody cusses that bleeping much.

BOB SEIBEL

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Curry Kirkpatrick's article. The Hoosiers are truly No. 1 this year, and I believe the no-name gym rats are going to be around for a while. As for a "new, mellower Knight," I must have been at different games. I love Bobby Knight's temper, brashness and style, and I hope he will never change his ways. Knight is half the ticket.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

Mooreland, Ind.

SAD STORY

Sir:

Whitney Tower's article *Sad End of an Empire* (Feb. 3) is a blunt, straightforward piece of fine reporting. Having been commissioned by the *Daily Racing Form* to paint a portrait of Swaps as the 1956 Horse of the Year, I visited Rex Ellsworth's ranch at Chino, Calif. Even then, in its heyday, I was appalled at the dusty wire-enclosed paddocks that contained the horses. I was amazed that such a place could produce a horse of the caliber of Swaps.

RICHARD STONE REEVES

Oldwick, N.J.

Sir:

Congratulations on your investigative reporting. SI, in its journalistic role, does its readership a valuable service by filling in the background on such examples of cruelty, be it man-to-man or man-to-animal. Your weekly features are great entertainment, but sometimes we readers appreciate your role as watchdog even more.

TIM MORIARTY

Canton, Ohio

JOHNNY, JACK AND GENE

Sir:

Your perspective is pathetic, perplexing and preposterous! Although I enjoyed Dan Jenkins' article *A Game of Jack or Better* (Feb. 3), which so aptly described the rivalry between Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller in the Crosby, I feel Gene Littler's marvelous victory after a remarkable and courageous comeback from a serious bout with cancer in 1972 was tragically overlooked and underwritten.

Littler deserves more than one paragraph and a picture caption, not only because of his gutty struggle but because of his gentlemanly character and humble attitude which personify the ancient and wonderful game of golf. It might be interesting to some to know where Nicklaus spent Monday night or that Miller isn't trying to be a millionaire, but for the majority of us ordinary people, to whom life itself is a constant struggle, Littler's comeback is an example from which we can all take heart. I take my hat off to Gene.

JOHN C. FOWLER

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Dan Jenkins wrote about a duel, not a golf tournament. The Crosby is always a spectacular event, but why report on two players who finished tied for sixth? Gene Littler deserved the credit.

MARTIN PETRZELKA

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

INSPIRATION

Sir:

Not since you published the story *Young Man on the Run* (Aug. 12) by Jim Dunn have I enjoyed an article as much as I did *So Much Depends upon a Red Tent* (Feb. 3) by Grace Butcher. I was not inspired to go out and buy a motorcycle and set out on a similar adventure of my own; however, I was very much touched by the sensitive yet enlightened way Mrs. Butcher finds meaning in what she does. She has given me the inspiration to look for new meaning in the things I enjoy in life.

I cut Jim Dunn's story out of your magazine after it appeared last summer so that I could save it and enjoy it again and again. I have done the same with Grace Butcher's article.

BOB DOWNEY

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

Please convey my congratulations to Grace Butcher for a beautifully woven tale, and my thanks to you for presenting such a classic combination of artwork and literature. I absolutely love the opening illustration by Robert Heindel. This was one of the very finest stories you've ever published, and I go way back.

DALE NELSON

Belmont, Calif.

VIOLENT HOCKEY

Sir:

Congratulations to Mark Mulvoy for a mature analysis of the problem of physical violence in the NHL (*Hockey Is Courting Disaster*, Jan. 27). It is time that hockey purged itself of so-called players whose only talent is to fight, and the solution is really quite simple. Whenever an incident such as the one involving Dave Forbes and Henry Boucha occurs, the offending player should be sus-

continued

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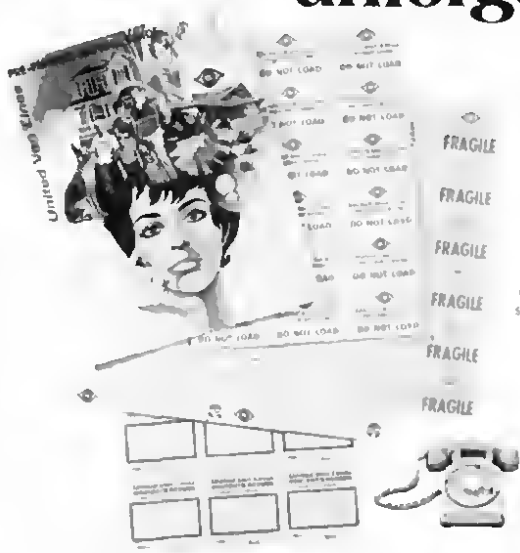
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pended for as long as his victim is out of action. It might also be wise to require that the offender's paycheck be turned over to the victim. A player would think twice about losing a substantial part of his pay and perhaps his career over one vengeful act.

Some measure of violence is part of all team sports, even baseball; the nature of the competition demands it. Hockey would lose much of its interest if bodily contact and even occasional fights were banned. However, it is essential that acts such as Forbes' incur a penalty equal to the infraction. Punishment must be at the hands of league officials, not civil authorities.

ROBERT M. THORNDIKE
Bellingham, Wash.

Sir:

The Boston Bruins' Harry Sinden seems to equate late hits in football or slashing spikes in baseball with headhunting with hockey sticks. The first two represent violence unbecoming professional sports, the latter, if not dealt with sternly, will someday become murder.

To me and many other observers, the specter of the hockey stick swung at another player's head is the ugliest in professional sports today. Boys will be boys? If Clarence Campbell cannot see fit to deal with offenders, I hope jurors, such as those in Hennepin County, Minn., will.

PAUL LEBAR
St. Louis

Sir:

Having witnessed Dave Forbes' assault on Henry Boucha, I feel that Clarence Campbell's 10-game suspension is only token punishment for what Campbell himself calls "one of the most vicious incidents that I have ever been called upon to deal with." A one-year suspension would have been too lenient.

WILLIAM F. DECESARE, M.D.
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir:

I hope the Forbes-Boucha incident will bring about a very necessary reformation in the National Hockey League. The sport is degenerating to a point where a heavyweight contender is as vital to the team as an excellent goalie. I love hockey, but if the violent trend continues I'm afraid it will become more important to win fights than to score goals. League officials need the guts to adopt a rule giving game misconducts to all combatants and to see that it is strictly enforced.

ARI HILL
Riverside, Calif.

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